

SUMMER 1971

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CINEFANTASTIQUE



THE REVIEW OF HORROR, FANTASY AND
SCIENCE FICTION FILMS

FEATURES

ORIENTAL FANTASY FROM DAIEI

Toho Films may have cornered the monster market, but Daiei is their leading competitor in the land of the rising sun, with not only the usual men in monster suits but a host of horror and fantasy films that are distinctly oriental. Banzai.

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PORTRAIT OF JENNIE: A RETROSPECT

Despite its cost (\$4,000,000), its two long years of production, its enchanting story, its credible performances, and its spectacular climax (the special effects won the film an Academy Award), it was an unfortunate critical, then box office flop. Yet, it is in many ways a remarkable film, perhaps one of the most exquisite fantasy films ever made, and certainly too long unseen and neglected.

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Front Cover James Olson in THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN now in release from Universal

Vincent Price as DR. PHIBES now in release from American International. Cover

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Welcome to the third issue of CIN-EFANTASTIQUE, the magazine with a "sense of wonder," devoted to the serious study of horror, fantasy and science fiction films. I think we surprised many of our readers by bringing our second issue out (approximately) on schedule, and this issue is, at the moment, still within meeting its deadline. By rights, this should be the Spring issue, but for reasons concerning distribution and just good sense we've moved our seasonal date up to Summer with this issue. This will not affect subscriptions or the numbering of issues, we just felt that coming out in June with a Spring issue was slightly ludicrous. Admittedly, however, we did get off on the wrong foot, calling our first, November, issue Fall.

I was down in Chicago's Loop the other day, on an errand pertaining to this magazine and with a greater portion of the work on this issue still waiting to be done. With that in mind, after my business was completed, I was not disappointed to discover that I would have an idle hour to spend if I wanted to catch a showing of *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN*; this gave me an excuse to pass it up and get back to the work I should be doing. Fortunately, I chanced to pass by Bruce Trinz's Clark Theater on the way home. The Clark has long been a boon to Chicago film lovers, with its retrospectives and bookings of obscure and eagerly awaited titles. At the time, it happened to be playing *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* along with two other unmentionables, and nothing, least of all work, would stop me from seeing it.

One might well question my sense of values, being enticed away from pressing matters by a film with a title like *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* when the likes of *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* was an avoidable temptation. The film had opened in a multiple break in Chicago back in 1968 when it was originally released by Continental films, but at the time I had long since desisted in trying (or wanting) to see every horror film that opened. (I think what cured me of that habit was the time I went out of my way to catch a showing of Jerry Warren's *FACE OF THE SCREAMING WEREWOLF/CURSE OF THE STONE HAND*.) I knew something of the story, and it sounded like a disgustingly gory film that was liable to make me sick anyway. Fortunately, more hardy filmgoers than I did go to see it, and gradually the reports filtered in that the film was a classic. Slick magazines like "Sight and Sound" and "Films and Filming" began discussing the picture in very lofty terms, and I began to regret my cynicism. For this reason, its unlooked for opening at the Clark (for a brief three days) was a stroke of luck not to be passed up.

Going into the film with such high expectations, it is amazing that anything could satisfy them, let alone exceed them as *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* does. In appearance, the film is part of the small, distinguished group including Roman Polanski's *REPULSION*, Curtis Harrington's *NIGHT TIDE* and Herk Harvey's *CARNIVAL OF SOULS*, which are cheaply made, but which evidence a depth and seriousness not found in more expensive and conventional entries in the genre. All of these films have in common a tangency to real life and real people generally lacking in the horror cinema.

When the film originally opened in Chicago, a local critic, Roger Ebert, writing for the Sun-Times, wrote a condemnation of the film which was later picked up and published nationally by "The Reader's Digest." Ebert had attended a matinee showing at which mothers were ignorantly dropping off their small children for the day. He noted how, after the first fifteen minutes (the film's power is cumulative and its first minutes are indistinguishable from the usual horror fare), the usual jubilation of a kiddie matinee had died away, and this grim and harrowing film unreeled.



SENSE OF WONDER

by

Frederick Clarke

in silence disturbed only by the sobbing of younger children. The kids were not so much disturbed by the film's graphic content which is no greater than is normal for a film of this type, as they were by its humorless realism, its austere mood and tone of absolute authenticity which even so palpably fantastic a theme as the living-dead could not overcome.

In his article "Every Man Who Is Pure At Heart: Poetry and Danger in the Horror Film,"* R. H. W. Dillard offers the premise that horror films are part of a child's initiation into the realities of adult life, a premise which he points out is by no means absolute and which I feel contains a certain validity to most of the genre. It is particularly applicable to *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, which evidences a handling of basic human fears in the extreme. An element lacking in the film which is otherwise normally present is a purging of the fears it arouses. This is specifically the virtue in the horror film's initiation, that it provides a means with which to cope with our fears; it raises them, assures us they are not real in this context, and allows us to safely internalize them. Clearly, the film is of no benefit to young children, and indeed could be terribly traumatic as Ebert observed, for it leaves our fears totally unresolved. The film should not be condemned for its misuse however. One would not take a child to see *LORD OF THE FLIES* or *MARAT/SADE* either. To a mature viewer, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* should be a deeply disturbing and thought provoking experience.

On the surface, the film is little more than a retelling of the 1959 United Artists film *INVISIBLE INVADERS*. The dead rise from their graves to attack the living, and where *INVISIBLE INVADERS* concentrated on a group of

wooden scientists and technicians who combat the menace, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* concentrates on the experiences of a group of everyday people besieged in a deserted farmhouse. Technically, the film is an excellently made horror story and can be seen and appreciated on this basis alone.

The screenplay by John A. Russo, as interpreted by director George A. Romero, goes much deeper than the surface banalities might indicate. Whether consciously or not, the film is strongly symbolic of the individual's fear of society and social pressure. While the film's conclusion seems to indicate that this is a conscious metaphor, it could have arisen quite naturally from this team's uncanny insight into the modern horror film formula.

When I speak of society, I needn't be so abstract. *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* arouses that very tangible fear we all experience when confronted by people. Anyone who has spoken before an audience knows how intense and disturbing this fear can be. It is the repressed fear of the group, to which individual man, the social animal, must belong and be subservient to. Romero's living-dead ghouls are lumbering, mindless, and faceless creatures which come upon the beleaguered farmhouse, wave upon wave. They represent the anonymous and almost unopposable majority that is society; there are but two alternatives, to die and become one of the ghouls, or be devoured, ingested, and irradiated by them. The symbolism in Russo's screenplay is so right: comparing the amalgam of society, with its manifold forms of social pressure and restraints which shape and control the individual from birth, to the mindless and faceless ghouls. We are either shaped by society, conform to it, and

become part of it (after something in us dies, something of our individuality), or we are consumed by it, that is, incarcerated, institutionalized and perhaps even murdered by it.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is such a perfect archetype of its genre, that it provides some insight into what I labeled earlier as "the modern horror film formula." Dillard points out in the article previously cited that the purpose of the horror film is to "purge us of our fear of death." This certainly seems to be true and applicable to the "classic" horror films made in the gothic tradition, but ill-fits the bulk of more modern *cinefantastique* which is loosely termed "science fiction," but is an outgrowth of, with roots in, the older horror film tradition. This newer genre has as its predominant theme, the colossal and almost unopposable force, be it the giant monster (i.e. *GODZILLA*, *GORGON*, *RODAN*, *ad infinitum*) or the enveloping natural catastrophe (i.e. *DAY OF THE TROLLS*, *MONOLITH MONSTERS*, *INVISIBLE INVADERS* et. al.), or its purest, most subtle and satisfying form, the conspiratorial societary cancer, which replaces the existing social order with a monolithic, dictatorial, impersonal one (i.e. *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *INVASERS FROM MARS*, *DAY MARS INVADED EARTH*, etc.). The common trait of all these manifestations is that the menace is all-encompassing and impersonal; you are crushed under the heel of *GODZILLA*, you and all humanity are fodder for the uncontrollable proliferation of inhuman plants in *DAY OF THE TROLLS*, or more perfectly, a seed pod steals your soul to make you a conforming, emotionless vegetable in *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*. All of these films can be seen to purge our fears of a society which has grown too vast in its power and control over the individual, and too cold and impersonal in its sameness. They have been a presage to our present fear of "the establishment" which is growing to paranoiac proportions, and to the "do not fold, spindle or mutilate" protest of the youth. The modern horror film can be seen to purge our fears of society, with its awesome, but necessary, powers, in the same way the "classic" horror film purged our fear of death, as Dillard puts it, it "is the distorting mirror of a deserted funhouse which frightens us out of our fear and frees our fancy to find the truth more surely."

What makes *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* so remarkable, and so artistically beautiful, is that in its concluding scenes it bypasses its purging function as fantasy and moves into a mode of heightened realism which concretely presents the film's metaphor in realistic and disturbing terms. The highly individualistic and personable hero of the film is now the sole survivor in the beleaguered farmhouse. We feel that he has won out when we see police and militia moving into the surrounding fields, irradiating the remaining ghouls. A simple shot in the head destroys them, and the men do it efficiently and with some sense of sport. On hearing the commotion, our hero comes out of his basement fortress and up to a window to survey the scene. Someone calls out, "There's one," at a distance from which he can barely be seen, and lightening quick, someone raises their telescopic, high-powered rifle and shoots him dead. The red-neck sheriff calls out, "Good shooting!" as they see him drop, "That's another one for the bonfire." The scene is handled beautifully by director George A. Romero. The hero's death is quick and insignificant, another faceless victim of faceless society, mowed under and chewed up in the cogs of a vast uncaring civilization without malice or motive, and the men, with their guns, move on to do more of their work. The hero has been the victim of the "body count," of a "firing into the mob" mentality which we shall all come to fear.

* *Man and the Movies*, edited by W. R. Robinson. (Penguin #A1061).

LETTERS

ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS

I've read issue #1 and I like it - very much.

While some of the comments in the review section and elsewhere border on the half-witted, the mag is most commendably adult and intelligent.

To my mind, the two best things in #1 are your editorial and the Rasputin article.

The editorial is a slabbang piece of rhetoric. Its wry statement of a situation that fans of the genre have been irritatedly pondering for years would, I'm sure, prick even some of the sere brains of the disdainful majority.

Even though I've never seen any of the Rasputin films (I'd very much like to) and have never been particularly interested in the monk's tale, I found your beautifully researched article on the subject engrossing. However, you did commit one rather painful error: THE EGYPTIAN isn't a DeMille. It was directed by Michael Curtiz for Fox release. You know that all but the earliest of C.B.'s talkies were done for Paramount. Purdon had already had a starring part in THE STUDENT PRINCE before being cast in the role of THE EGYPTIAN, originally intended for Marlon Brando. About RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS it's interesting to note that, in the full page fan mag ads for the picture in the January '33 issues, it was labeled simply RASPUTIN ("Madman, saint, or devil? Was he one or all of these?")

I enjoyed the first installment of Mark Wolf's article on stop motion animation immensely. The piece is extremely well done, although there are a few minor errors here and there. E.g. the caption accompanying the photos from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH on page 20 says the scene of the Ymir's attack on the farmer was tactfully kept in shadow. The Ymir killing the farmer's dog was done in shadow, but the creature's fight with the man was very much in view—even to the Ymir chewing on the man's (the model's) neck while William Hopper, from a miniature screen plate, pounds on the Ymir's back with a shovel.

One thing puzzles me: Mr. Wolf refers a number of times to the Allosaurus in KING KONG. There is no Allosaurus in that film. There is a Tyrannosaurus, and Tyrannosaurs and Allosaurs do look somewhat alike except that the former creature was much larger. The synopsis in the original 1933 pressbook on KING KONG says: "...he (Kong) is attacked by his hereditary enemy, the mighty Tyrannosaurus, largest and most ferocious of prehistoric animals, fifty feet in length and weighing thirty tons..."

If the above sounds picky, please excuse it, I don't mean it to be. My only real complaint about this first installment is the lack of footnotes. While I do recognize the source of some of the quotes Mr. Wolf uses, I hope this situ-

ation will be remedied.

TERRY WITMER
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It would be nice if Mark Wolf would come out and say that his two shots of THE LOST WORLD are mere studio shots and not from the film itself. Even I can tell, although I might have an advantage in owning an 8mm print of the film. In the actual movie, the models & sets look much better than in publicity shots. Maybe it's because in the publicity shots the brontosaurus doesn't even have his skin on yet, and the ankylosaurus (or allosaurus) and trachodon are just clay prototypes for study. A lot of wrong ideas are circulating about this film as a result of these studio publicity shots not being labeled as such.

GARRY FERRINGTON
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Mark Wolf's animatic was really absorbing, if a bit technical. I assume the stills used were from his own collection? Think some of the photo layouts here were a bit cluttered (but, God knows, I'm not the guy to criticize your layouts!). Don't know why he credited David Allen with the animation in WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH. Allen did 80% of the animation in one sequence, the chasmasaur sequence. All the rest, of course, was the work of Danforth. While praising Harryhausen's models, he neglected to mention that Mr. H. has received much assistance in the design of his models from Arthur Hayward of the London Museum. Mr. Hayward has worked with Ray for about nine years.

MARK FRANK
801 Avenue C, Brooklyn, NY 11218

The Chasmasaur sequence in WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.



ITEMS OF INTEREST

I picked up a copy of SCARS OF DRACULA last night, which uses a photo of Chris Lee in the film on the cover. It's in paperback from Beagle Books, who are also distributing a paperback collection of Lovecraft's works from Arkham house. You might want to pass that on to anyone interested.

JEFF PECK
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You were wrong in saying that the Mexican - American Karlofffilms wouldn't materialize, they already have. One called THE SNAKE PEOPLE was shown on local TV here (KHJ TV, Channel 9), and the cast and credits are as follows: A Horror International Presentation. Produced by Jhon Ibanez. Directed by Henry Verg. Screenplay by Jack Hall. Director of photography, Austin McKinney. Music by Alice Urreta. With: Boris Karloff (Carl Van Boulder), Jilissa (Deidre), Charles East (Lt. William), Ralph Bertrand (Capt. Laresh), Judy Carmichael (Mary Ann Vanderberg), Tongolee (Bondemo), Quentin Miller (Gomez).

TIM MURPHEY
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Concerning EARTH II: it's a space station, not a planet. I believe the correct spelling of the producer's names to be William Read Woodfield and Allan Balter. The sets and miniatures are quite nice.

A sexploitation film entitled FLESH GORDON is now in production out here.

GREGORY JEIN
3770 Cherrywood, Los Angeles, CA

You might be interested in a British series now being seen on Canadian television called UFO, a vastly more interesting version of ABC's defunct THE INVADERS. Set in the 1980s is an organization called S.H.A.D.O., and not some xenophobic architect, battling aliens from outer space. S.H.A.D.O. is government-run, but secret. Although the Earth is never quite destroyed, the general mood is a grim, pessimistic one. There has been little, or no, contact between alien and earthmen, so that alien motives are not clear. It is equally sad when an alien or an earthman dies. The theme music is reminiscent of that during Bowman's trip thru hyperspace in 2001 (UFO is shot at Borehamwood.) There's a mixed romance in the background (he's white, she's black) but it's not at all obtrusive or overplayed, just there.

A typical episode went as follows: a rich man's wife is seeing another man, and the two conspire to kill the husband. Everything goes smoothly except that the husband is late arriving home one night. But arriving at the door, and into a trap, at the propitious moment is an alien. At this point it's worth mentioning that when not in concealing spacesuits, the aliens are kept hidden in the shadows so that the viewer never gets a look at one. The alien gets shot. S.H.A.D.O. agents have been following the alien and administer a drug to the murdering couple which wipes out all memories for the past 12 hours. S.H.A.D.O. is secret and civilians are not to know about the aliens. At this point, the S.H.A.D.O. people discuss their moral duty—should they interfere in the romantic triangle and risk spilling the beans about the aliens, or just release the two to ponder their loss of memory temporarily but most likely to kill the husband the second time (but the first time as far as the wife and consort are concerned). After the debate, the episode ends, but the decision chosen is made clear by the scene behind the closing credits—the wife and friend are placing flowers on hubby's grave. Temporal justice has been sacrificed for the larger issue of possible human survival. Perhaps not top rank SF entertainment, but certainly a breath of fresh air on television.

William Shatner has been cutting some Canadian TV commercials of late -- Sheriff Gelatins and Heidelberg Beer, as well as some car ads you may be getting down there.

BRUCE ROBBINS
Quebec, Canada

Recently I caught a screening of the re-issue print of KING KONG which Janus Films is distributing. It contains some footage which was removed from the film after its initial release in 1933 and which is not seen in the television version. The replaced footage:

After Kong has carried Ann Driscoll (Fay Wray) to his mountaintop retreat, he sits down, cradles the screaming woman in his palm and proceeds to strip away most of her already torn clothes (perhaps he is peeling her like a banana, in preparation for a snack?). The giant ape is distracted when the hero knocks over a rock.

After Kong breaks through the huge wall (I always thought this was a terrible flaw, either on the part of the filmmakers or the wall-builders, having such a god-awful big door in that wall. They should have had a teeny one. One a giant ape wouldn't fit through.) The added scenes show Kong chomping two natives in his giant maw, then throwing them to the ground and mashing them into the mud with his gargantuan foot. The first native victim had been with others on a scaffold, tossing spears at Kong, some of which stuck, irritating him no end. The second native was plucked from his grass hut in a foreshadowing of the hotel window scene to

come in New York.

In New York, after breaking loose, Kong rips away a marquee and tosses it to crush bystanders in the foreground (as with a grass hut on the island). Then he grabs up a man, grinds him with his teeth and tosses him to the pavement (but doesn't step on him).

Kong, hearing a scream from a hotel window, is reminded of Ann (who had done quite a lot of screaming on the island) and proceeds to scale the wall. He pulls one sleeping woman from her bed, holds her upside down while examining her. She isn't Ann (she doesn't have blonde hair), so he drops her several stories to the street below. (This foreshadows and intensifies the horror of the scene later when Kong grabs Ann from her hotel room.)

The first scene adds an erotic touch and a comical touch (Kong's nostrils flare as he sniffs the perfume of Ann's tattered clothes). The later scenes are fairly strong stuff and though one still feels sorry for Kong's death, it is somewhat justified by his earlier stomping and chomping.

My nominations for the best cinefantastic of 1970 are: *COLOSSUS, THE FORBIN PROJECT* (Joseph Sargent), *THE DUNWICH HORROR* (Daniel Haller), *SKULLDUGGERY* (Gordon Douglas), *THE ANGEL LEVINE* (Jan Kadar), *VALLEY OF GWANGI* (James O'Connelly), not necessarily in that order.

BILL THOMAS
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HORROR FILMS IN THE SIXTIES

The final years of the fifties showed a tremendous upsurge in interest in filmed exercises in the macabre. With the incredible success (monetarily, at least, if not with the critics) of such well-known companies as Hammer Films and American International Pictures, horror films saw prosperity such as they had not encountered since the early forties. *HORROR OF DRACULA* of course, was one of the main factors in this turnaround from light and airy musicals and routine westerns. It was the sleeper of that decade, made for a mere \$250,000 but grossing well over eight million dollars. Hammer's *MUMMY* and their two *Frankenstein* pictures were also extremely successful, and AIP was still concentrating on the low-budget B feature market and making a mint off such small films as *THE SHE CREATURE*, *THE SPIDER*, et al.

By the time the sixties rolled around horror films were such big business that, for the first time in many years, true quality films in the genre were being produced on a regular basis. The first great horror film of the sixties was Roger Corman's *HOUSE OF USHER*. This was Corman's first excursion into gothic horror, and it was Corman perhaps, more than any other director who would make the biggest impression on horror films in the sixties. Corman formerly had been directing AIP's low-grade ventures such as *THE UNDEAD*, but often his directorial skill shone through even the most redundant of productions. *HOUSE OF USHER* was obviously influenced by the color Hammer films, but Corman went one better and created a gothic world that was entirely his own invention. Whilst Hammer often used exterior sets, Corman refused to do this--everything was imaginary, even the twisted gnarled trees outside the Usher home. Vincent Price performed with considerable subtlety, his best performance next to *PIT AND THE PENDULUM*. Yet it was all Corman's film, for the director of a horror film controls it much more than his counterpart in "standard" cinema.

The film itself was very faithful to the Poe original, with an excellent script by Richard Matheson. Many se-

quences were truly and genuinely chilling, with a superbly nightmarish dream sequence, which, if not from Poe, was pure Corman. The pacing of the film, as most of the Poe-Corman films, was slow and deliberate; a great deal of time was spent building up atmosphere most meticulously, therefore, audience interest was seldom lacking.

Vincent Price greatly assisted in holding the interest of the audience. Price, sans mustache and with a white wig, completely captivated in his performance the twisted world of Poe; the madness of Roderick Usher emanated from his pale blue eyes as he said: "We are like pieces of delicate glass, she and I. One touch, and we may shatter."

All in all, the first Corman-Poe-Matheson collaboration shaped up as a superb exercise in the macabre, though not nearly exciting or shocking as any of the early Hammer films.

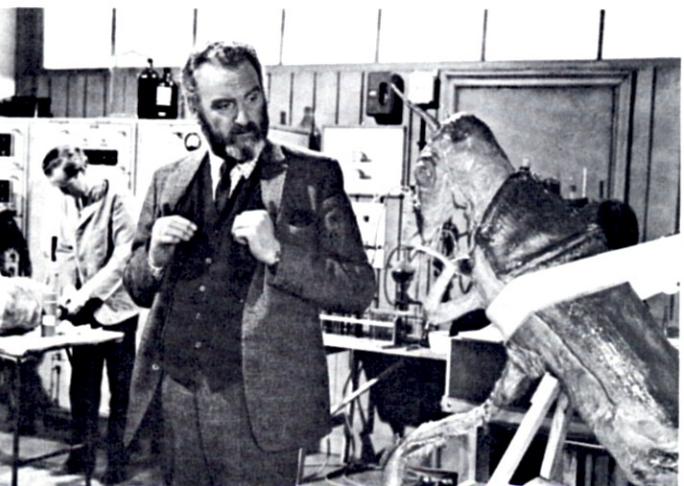
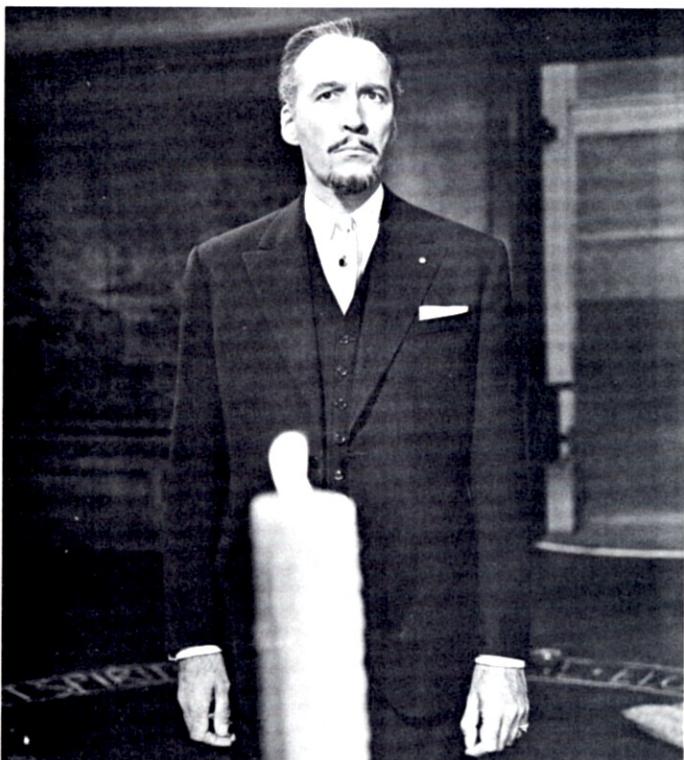
Hammer Films, of course, were not to let themselves be outdone. Late in 1960 they came out with a semi-sequel to the great *HORROR OF DRACULA*, regrettably lacking Chris Lee, but, in its favor, retaining Peter Cushing as vampire-fighter Dr. Van Helsing. The film was titled *BRIDES OF DRACULA*, and featured David Peel as the sinister Baron Meinster, a desciple of Dracula and a vampire in his own right. This second in the Hammer vampire series was most worthwhile, for it had a literate and fast-moving script by Jimmy Sangster, Peter Bryan, and Edward Percy, superb direction by the ever-present and prolific Terence Fisher, and fluid color camerawork. The opening sequence perhaps surpassed even *HORROR OF DRACULA* for sheer atmosphere. This elegant gothic atmosphere was maintained throughout, in every detail. All the sets were beautiful, from the lavishly furnished Chateau Meinster, to the cemetery, to the stables. The Technicolor added to this richness and so, whatever else may be said about the film -- and there have been minor criticisms -- anyone must admit that the visuals were impeccable.

The performances were excellent throughout. Yvonne Monlaur, a typical buxom heroine, proved she could act as well as look gorgeous. David Peel was supremely sinister as Baron Meinster, not quite as effective as Chris Lee perhaps, but a thrilling and aesthetic vampire all the same. Martine Hunt, as his mother was most effective, particularly in her vampiric sequence. The various "brides" were indeed fantastically impressive in their eerie comings and goings. Andree Melly in particular was most chilling.

Needless to say, Peter Cushing was great as Van Helsing. A more charming, congenial, lively hero has seldom been seen on screen. Cushing is one of those rare actors who can put his indelible trademark on every role he plays, yet without falling into the trap of making all his roles seem the same. He was a superb foil to the evil Meinster, and it was, frankly, great fun to see the two of them match wits and strength against each other. When Cushing burned the vampire's marks from his throat with a hot poker, this bit particularly held the audience in thrall.

Fisher's choice of settings and camera positions were inspired. When Cushing pushes the evil old woman off the stairs in the mill, a more or less potentially average scene was turned into one of striking impact, due to Fisher's camera angles. The camera was positioned directly above the actors, so that the woman could be actually seen to hit the ground, apparently breaking her neck. Just one of the trademarks of an all too unsung classic.

In 1961, one of the greatest of the Corman-Poe-Matheson films was created, *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM*. This luscious film featured not only Vincent Price, but the darkly beautiful Barbara Steele. This film, like its predecessor the year before, was lushly continued 46



Top: Christopher Lee as Richleau in Hammer's 1968 film *THE DEVIL'S BRIDE*. Middle and Bottom: Barbara Shelley, James Donald and Andrew Keir in Hammer's 1967 film *FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH*. Two of Hammer Film's finest efforts and among the finest fantasy films released in the last decade, both received very limited distribution from 20th Century Fox.



Oriental Fantasy from Daiei

Since the mid fifties Japan has exported dozens of feature films dealing with fantasy subjects. GODZILLA led the way in 1955 with a distinctly oriental version of an already established Western genre, the prehistoric monster film as exemplified in the then contemporary THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1953) but with roots going all the way back to Willis O'Brien's KING KONG (1933) and further. The Japanese have since made the genre their particular specialty, following GODZILLA with an assortment of creatures bent on destroying mankind, including RODAN (1957), MOTHRA (1962) and GHIDRAH, THE THREE HEADED MONSTER (1965) to name just a few. These films were primarily the product of one studio, Toho International. There have

by Dan Scapperotti

been occasional entries from other companies such as GAPPY, THE TRIPHIBBEAN MONSTER from the Nikkatsu Corporation and THE X FROM OUTER SPACE from Shochiku, but Toho dominates the field. From time to time Toho will release a space opera, (THE MYSTERIANS 1962 or THE BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE 1960) or a tale of the supernatural (KWAIDAN 1965) but their most successful films and their staple product involve the rubber suited reptiles which cavort with toy props in the same scale model Tokyo in film after film.

American audiences are most familiar

with the Toho product because of its wide distribution in the United States. There are, however, other Japanese studios which have delved into *cinefantastique* with most interesting results. Toho's most prominent competitor has been Daiei Motion Pictures which has produced several fantasy films within the last few years. Five of these featured a recurring reptilian monster with a sixth in the series now in production. Unfortunately theatrical releases in this country have been almost non-existent. Only two of Daiei's films have been released to theatres, and the rest, with release rights held by American International, show up on television infrequently.

Daiei's fantasy films fall into three distinct categories. There is the familiar pre-

historic monster devastating the world (or at least the major cities of Japan), the least interesting and unfortunately the most prevalent type. Then we have the avenging god dealing justice to evil war lords. And finally there is the supernatural ghost story. It is the last two which are distinctly oriental and offer Daiei's unique contribution to the field.

The films which feature Daiei's monster "Star" Gamera (which picked up an additional "m" in its U.S. release) are very similar to the monster films released by Toho and other studios. This includes the introduction of other monsters in subsequent films which are resurrected to do battle with him. Gamera is an eighty ton, 197 foot prehistoric turtle, released from icy captivity in his first film by an atomic blast (remember *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS*). This turtle is neither earth nor sea bound, it is jet propelled with the ability to fly to other planets. Although his premier in *GAMERA* (1965) is routine, the monster wrecking everything in sight and the army, navy and the hand of God unable to stop him, the climax is rather unique. The creature is lured into the nose cone of a rocketship and blasted off to Mars. In the next film of the series, *GAMERA VS. BARUGON* (entitled *WAR OF THE MONSTERS* on television) a chance meteor strikes the rocketship and returns it to earth.

In succeeding films Gamera has become a hero rather than a villain much as have Godzilla, Rodan et. al. in the Toho films. After vanquishing Barugon and saving the earth in his first sequel he battled another beast from outer space in our behalf in *GAMERA VS. VIRAS*, and this was followed by *GAMERA VS. GAOS*, a Rodan type creature, and *GAMERA VS. GUIRON*. In the latter he faced his most cleverly conceived opponent; Guiron is a knife-shaped creature which cuts through its enemies. A sixth film in the series, *GAMERA VS. LEOMAN* is now in production.

The special effects for the Daiei films are created by Yonesaburo Tsukiji. Much of the miniature work surpasses that done by Eiji Tsuburaya at Toho, although the latter has been responsible for a far wider range of activities and some fine examples of cinematic action. Indeed the one, and nearly only, redeeming feature of most Japanese *cinéfantastique* is its fantastic visual sense. The Japanese more than anyone else have taken to the long and predominate use of special effects in their films, with the result that while their films are often weakly written they possess an imagery and sense of wonder that is thoroughly captivating.

Although the Gamera films don't degenerate into burlesque as often as their other Japanese contemporaries, the films still remain on a juvenile level. Following the first two films of the series, the others have featured stories which revolve around Gamera attempting to help children get out of trouble. In *GAMERA VS. VIRAS*, which may be released to television as *GAMERA VS. THE SPACE AMEBOA*, the monster becomes involved with a group of boy scouts.

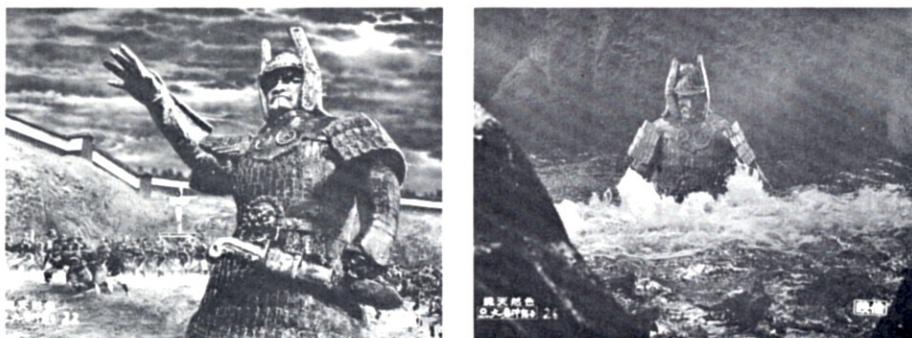
Better use of special effects are made in the two Daiei films which feature Majin. These films are the oriental version of the

Kazuko Inano sheds a tear for her disfigurement in *CURSE OF THE GHOST* (opposite page). Gamera does battle with Viras (top) who is the tool of alien invaders (middle) in *GAMERA VS. VIRAS*. Barugon (bottom) is from *GAMERA VS. BARUGON*.





Majin is an oriental version of The Golem, a great stone god which comes to life. Here in THE RETURN OF MAJIN he rises out of the depths of a lake (at bottom and middle right) to destroy an evil warlord and his armies (middle left) and save a beautiful princess (top). Japanese fantasy partakes of an innocence all but lost to western filmmakers



Golem legend. The period and setting, however, are distinctly Japanese. They are set in the feudal period of Japan's history. Film concerning this period is produced in Japan much as westerns are filmed for American audiences. Replacing the incessant gunplay of westerns is the swashbuckling adventures of samurai warriors. Colorful costumes and locales abound in these films. Both films of the Majin series are primarily adventure stories with fine exhibitions of swordsmanship. In the first film it is not until the last quarter that the great stone warrior comes to life and the fantasy aspect takes over. The special effects for the Majin series are created by Kimiyoshi Kuroda, and the destruction of the war lord and his empire in the first film is beautifully done.

The first of the series MAJIN, THE HIDEOUS IDOL (MAJIN THE MONSTER OF TERROR on television) is a simple story of a young prince and princess and their efforts to regain the thrown held by their parents who were killed years before. A cruel warlord, and murderer of the rightful rulers, now dominates the land. When a curse is placed on the despot which will bring the wrath of Majin down on him he sends his men to destroy the statue. They find the great stone god built into the side of a mountain, and striking the first blow, which leaves a great spike embedded in the forehead of the stone warrior, causes an earthquake which destroys the warlord's men. In the interim, the warlord has captured the young prince, who is rightfully ruler of the land, and sentences him to death. The young princess escapes and goes before Majin to pray for aid. An arc of light passes over the stone face turning it a hideous shade of green as it steps from the mountain, a giant armored warrior. Majin goes into the village and destroys the castle of the evil warlord, pinning him to a wall with the great



spike his men had used in their ill-fated attempt to destroy the great stone idol.

The second film, *THE RETURN OF MAJIN*, is almost a retelling of the first. The stone idol is now on an island in the middle of a lake. A war lord has seized two prosperous lands on either side of the lake, ruthlessly putting down opposition and planning to kill the rightful rulers. When Lady Sayuri goes to Majin's island to pray for the safety of her brother she is followed by the dictator's men and captured. They push the great stone statue into the lake where it sinks and return to their master. As the hour of execution draws near Lady Sayuri again prays to the stone god. The awesome deity rises from the depths of the lake causing great waves which destroy the warlord's armies. Majin marches to the place of execution and destroys the warlord saving the life of the rightful rulers and happiness of the simple country folk, *dues ex machina*.

Above, Gaos from *GAMERA VS. GAOS*. At right is one of the more remarkable scenes from *THE HUNDRED MONSTERS*.

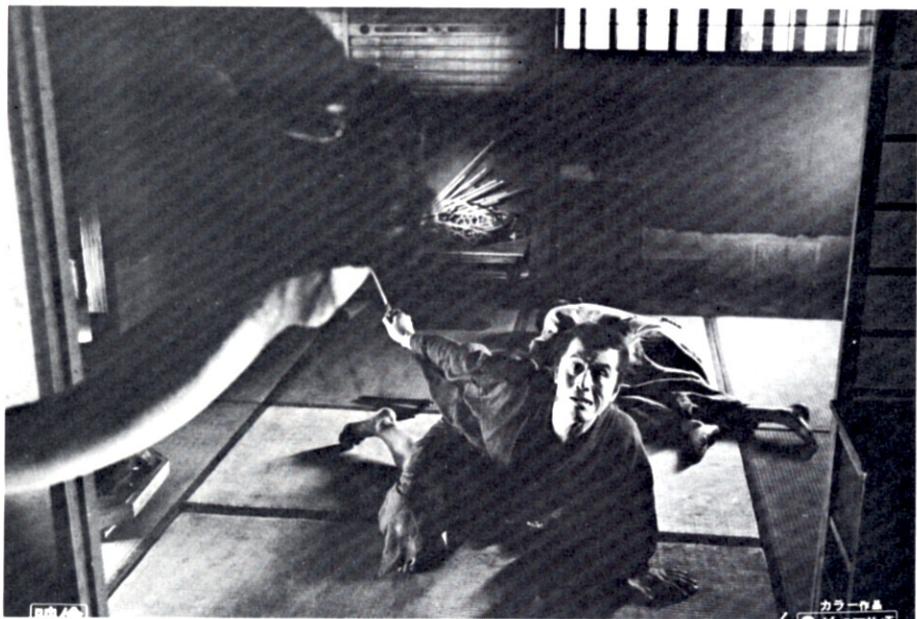
The Japanese more than anyone else have taken to the long and predominant use of special effects in their films, with the result that while their films are often weakly written they possess an imagery and sense of wonder that is thoroughly captivating.

with a flourish.

Supernatural elements are rampant in a trio of films produced at Daiei in the last few years. Lust or greed are usually the motivating factors in these distinctly oriental period dramas. *THE HUNDRED MONSTERS* and *ALONG WITH GHOSTS* present the supernatural beings as the benefactors of the hero and heroine while in *CURSE OF THE GHOST* they are instruments for revenge. In the latter a samurai receives the curse of the title after administering a poison to his wife which horribly disfigures her face causing her to take her own life, in order that he may be free to marry a beautiful and wealthy girl. The marriage takes place but nightly he is visited by the ghost of his former wife. The ghost causes him to kill those that are near to him in the belief that he is protecting himself from the spirit, and it finally destroys him.

In *ALONG WITH GHOSTS* the keeper of a sanctuary of ghosts is killed by a gang of gamblers. His granddaughter, now left alone and on her own, sets out in search of her lost father whom she hasn't seen in years,





and is protected in her travels by the ghosts cared for by her grandfather. Her father is the head of another gang of gamblers and recognizes her by a pair of dice she carries which he had carved from the bones of his dead wife years before. The reunited pair are captured by the same gang which had killed the grandfather and are about to be killed themselves when the girl's guardian ghosts arrive on the scene and drive the attackers into the woods where they mistakenly kill one another for the ghosts.

The best of the three is **THE HUNDRED MONSTERS**. The story concerns a rich and powerful landlord who, with the help of a greedy magistrate, plans to take over a shrine and some tenement houses, tear them down and build a brothel. At a party thrown by the landlord a storyteller is hired to tell the hundred monster stories. Custom says that as the stories are told the lights will be put out one by one until the last light is extinguished and the exorcism of the ghosts is complete. The old man narrates the stories, only a few of which are seen on the screen. The best of these tales involves two men fishing in a lake. They are warned by an old man not to fish there as there is a curse on the lake. The two jeer at him and return home with their catch. As the men drink together in another room the wife of one prepares the fish for dinner. Suddenly we see her neck become elongated in an incredible sequence where it expands to about ten feet in length, wrapping about her husband and strangling him to death.

An amusing sequence has the imbecile son of the magistrate drawing what he imagines an "umbrella spook" looks like on his walls. The drawing comes to life in a brief animated scene and jumps off the wall. The creature looks like a Japanese umbrella supported by one leg in place of the handle, two arms protruding from the sides, one eye, a nose and a tongue about a foot long decorate its face.

A nice effect is created when the landlord's men go to the tenements to tear them down. A glowing red sphere appears in the sky casting a strange glow over the scene. One of the men hurls a spear at it. The weapon sails toward its goal but turns around in flight, returns, and is buried in the back of the man who threw it. The final scenes in which the monsters march on the villain's house, causing the death of he and the magistrate is excellent. The assortment of monsters is probably the largest to ever appear in a single film. There are giants, dwarfs, cyclopic creatures, and misshapen animal horrors plus a wide range of others. After the deaths they leave the house in a wild parade of frenzied, but silent, excitement.

These films of the supernatural, like the Majin films, are full of swordplay and rich in color. The eerie effects such as a fog shrouded lake and deserted pathways are well conceived and constructed adding immeasurably to the weird atmosphere of the stories. Although they often do not measure up to many of the English language productions in the genre, they have a charm to them and are unique enough to be enjoyable. Japanese fantasy partakes of an innocence that seems all but lost to the western world, and it is a joy that such simple fantasy still thrives somewhere in the world.

From **THE HUNDRED MONSTERS**, a man awaits his bizarre strangulation (top), and an evil magistrate receives justice (middle). A girl is protected in her travels by friendly spirits (bottom) in **ALONG WITH GHOSTS**.

DAIEI FANTASY FILMS

GAMERA

1965 MAJIN, THE HIDEOUS IDOL

1968

Planned by Yonejiro Saito. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Nizo Takahashi. Special effects by Yonesaburo Tsukiji. Cast: Eiji Funakoshi (Dr. Hidaka), Harumi Kikitachi (Kyoko), Junichiro Yamashita (Aoyagi), Yoshiro Uchida (Toshio), Michiko Sugata, (Nobuyo). Scenes involving Albert Dekker and Brian Donlevy were filmed and added for the U.S. release.

GAMERA VS. BARUGON

1966

Produced by Masaichi Nagata. Directed by Shigeo Tanaka. Screenplay by Nizo Takahashi. Cast: Kojiro Hongo (Keisuke Hirata), Kyoko Enami (Karen), Akira Natsuki (Ichiro Hirata), Koji Fujiyama (Onodera), Yuzo Hayakawa (Kawajiri), Ichiro Sugai (Dr. Matushita).

GAMERA VS. VIRAS

1967

Produced by Hidemasa Nagata. Directed by Kenji Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Photographed by Akira Kitazaki. Cast: Kojiro Hongo (Nobuhiko Shimada), Toru Takanatsuka (Maseo Nakaya), Kuri Crane (Jim Morgan), Michiko Yaegaki (Mariko Nakaya), Mari Atsumi (Junko Aoyama).

GAMERA VS. GAOS

1968

Produced by Hidemasa Nagata. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Photographed by Akira Inouye. Cast: Kojiro Hongo (Shiro Tsutsumi), Kichijiro Ueda (Tatsuemon Kanamaru), Reiko Kasahara (Sumiko Kanamaru), Naoyuki Abe (Eichi), Taro Marui (Kuma), Yukitaro Hataru (Hachiko).

THE HUNDRED MONSTERS

1968

Planning by Yamato Yahirō. Screenplay by Tetsuo Yoshida. Directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda. Photographed by Yasukazu Takemura. Cast: Jun Fujimaki (Yasutaro), Miwa Tada (Okiku), Sei Hiraizumi (Takichi), Mikiko Tsubouchi (Osen), Takashi Kanda (Tajiyama).

Produced by Masaichi Nagata. Directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda. Screenplay by Tetsuo Yoshida. Special effects by Kimiyoshi Juroda. Cast: Miwa Tada (Kozasa Hanabusa), Yoshihiko Aoyama (Tadafumi Hanabusa), Jun Fujimaki (Kogenta), Ryutaro Gomi (Samanosuke), Tatsuo Endo (Gunjuro).

ALONG WITH GHOSTS

1969

Directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda. Screenplay by Tetsuo Yoshida. Photographed by Hiroshi Imai. Music by Hiroaki Watanabe. Cast: Kojiro Hongo (Hyakutarō), Pepe Hozumi (Shinta), Masami Furukido (Miyo), Mutsuhiro (Toura Saikichi), Bokuzen Hidari (Jinbei), Yoshito Yamaji (Higuruma).

GAMERA VS. GUIRON

1969

Produced by Hidemasa Nagata. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Photographed by Akira Kitazaki. Cast: Nobuhiro Kajima (Akio), Miyuki Akiyama (Tomoko), Christopher Murphy (Tom), Yuko Hamada (Kuniko), Eiji Funakoshi (Dr. Shiga) Kon Omura (Kondo).

THE RETURN OF MAJIN

1969

Produced by Masaichi Nagata. Directed by Kenji Misumi. Screenplay by Tetsuo Yoshida. Special effects by Yoshiyuki Kuroda. Cast: Kojiro Hongo (Juro Chigusa), Shiro Fujimura (Sayuri), Taro Marui (Todohei), Takashi Kanda (Danjo Mikoshiba).

CURSE OF THE GHOST

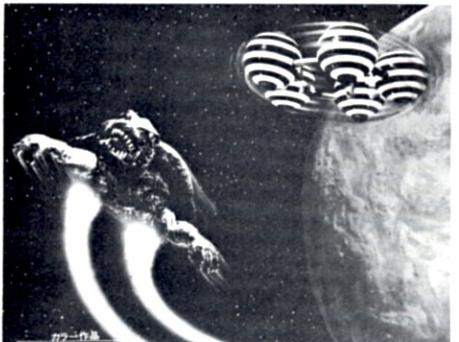
1970

Planning by Hatsunosuke Fujimoto. Screenplay by Kinya Naoi. Directed by Issei Mori. Photographed by Senkichi Takeda. Cast: Kei Sato (Iyemon Tamiya), Kazuko Inano (Oiwa), Yoshihiko Aoyama (Yemoshichi Sato) Kyoko Mikage (Osode), Shoji Kobayashi (Naokichi).

GAMERA VS. LEOMAN

1971

Now in Production.





PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

A RETROSPECT by Dennis S. Johnson

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE Selznick Releasing Organization. 3/49. In Black & White. 86 minutes. Executive producer, David O. Selznick. Produced by David Hampstead. Directed by William Dieterle. Screenplay by Paul Osborn and Peter Berneis from the novel by Robert Nathan. Adaptation by Leonardo Bercovici. Director of photography, Joseph August. Musical score adapted from the works of Debussy by Dimitri Tiomkin. Portrait of Jennie painted by Robert Brackman.

Jennie Appleton Jennifer Jones
Eben Adams Joseph Cotton
Miss Spinney Ethel Barrymore
Mr. Mathews Cecil Kellaway
Gus O'Toole David Wayne
Mr. Moore Albert Sharpe
Mrs. Jekes Florence Bates
Mother Mary of Mercy Lillian Gish
Eke Henry Hull
Captain Caleb Cobb Clem Bevans

Portrait of Jennie - "there ought to be something timeless about a woman - something eternal."

David O. Selznick had long been haunted by the critical and financial success of his 1939 epic *GONE WITH THE WIND*. The pressures of that success, of his peers in the film industry, of his own delusions had driven him to sink millions of dollars and years of his life into the production of ill-conceived, often meaningless and inflated encores. Finally, exhausted and in bad health, he had vowed to rid himself of his mania for epics and costly excesses by concentrating his creative energies on low budget, intimate works of art. He chose for his first production on this clean slate Robert Nathan's slim, 1940 novel, *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE*.

It is the story of Eben Adams, a painter of some talent but little fortune, who has become disenchanted with art and life and lapsed into a mental state of despair. One winter dusk he happens upon a little girl named Jennie Appleton playing hopscotch alone in Central Park. She is a curious child, dressed in old fashioned clothes and she speaks of times and places of long ago and has strange insights into things to come. Inspired by this encounter, Eben sketches Jennie from memory and finds life and feeling returning to his work. He sells the sketch to two art dealers who encourage him to do more of Jennie and to consider even a portrait. Eben meets with Jennie six times in the course of four seasons. Each time she is taller and older and her references to the past rushing closer to the present moment are intriguing. He falls deeply in love with her and begins to paint her portrait. Gradually, as he moves toward completing the portrait he comes to realize that she is flesh and blood real to him only in the moments of despair and mutual need. He learns that she lived and died a generation before, then tries desperately to keep her from her predestined death-by-drowning by rescuing her from a New England storm that is an exact reenactment of the one that had taken her life years before. But he fails, she is swept from him, and he is left with only the memories of their brief love affair and the one

fulfillment of their lives, his portrait of Jennie.

It was a fragile fantasy, one that required delicate and gentle handling, sensitive performances, attention to detail in set design, costume, and decor, belief in the implausible, a totally intelligent and unpretentious production.

To direct, Selznick hired William Dieterle. As director of photography he chose Joseph August. In the creation of believable fantasy Dieterle has begun his film career, in Germany, as an actor in such gothic films as Paul Leni's *WAXWORKS* (1924). In the thirties he was in Hollywood establishing a reputation as a sensitive director with such honored biographies as *STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR* (1935), *LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA* (1937), and *JUAREZ* (1939). Joseph August had gained international fame in 1935 with his cinematography of the *INFORMER*. Minor films followed and then he and Dieterle had teamed to make Charles Laughton's version of *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* in 1939. In 1941 they had teamed again, this time for the whimsical Walter Huston fantasy, *ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY*.

With a script by Paul Osborn and Peter Berneis, Dieterle began filming *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* on location in New York City in the dead of winter, February, 1947. Selznick had insisted on the realism of New York, East Coast settings, over the advice of his anguished staff which tried to point out to him the realism of cost.

Jennifer Jones was portraying Jennie Appleton and Joseph Cotton the artist, Eben Adams. It was their third film together under the Selznick banner. Previously they had been teamed in *SINCE YOU WENT AWAY* (1944) and *DUEL IN THE SUN* (1946). And in important character roles were the talents of Ethel Barrymore and Cecil Kellaway, as the two art dealers who befriend Eben, David Wayne as Eben's cab driver friend, and Lillian Gish as Mother Mary of Mercy, the Mother Superior of a convent school in which Jennie grows up.

From frame one it was a stormy and

If you love...or have ever loved...here perhaps is the most tender, and yet terrifying, love story ever told.



JENNIFER JONES and JOSEPH COTTEN
the screen's most romantic team



Pictured above, the original 14x36 insert card used by movie theaters playing *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* in 1949. Below is shown the 11x14 Title Card used for the rerelease of the film a year later under the title *TIDAL WAVE*.

costly production. There were deficiencies in the script that required daily rewriting. The unpredictable winter weather harassed the production and gave cinematographer August enduring nightmares of mismatched shots. A second unit that Selznick had stationed in Boston to film an actual storm for the story's climax returned with nearly imageless, gray film, totally unusable. And there were emotional problems with the star. After a few weeks of filming the production was shut down.

Nine months elapsed while Selznick rewrote the script and rethought the concept of the production. Then, late in the fall of 1947, filming resumed on the East Coast and then wrapped up the following spring after extensive interiors and process and special effects filming in California studios.

Meanwhile, Selznick negotiated for months and spent thousands of dollars to obtain the rights to use the music of Claude Debussy in *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE*. He then contracted Dimitri Tiomkin, who had scored his *DUEL IN THE SUN*, to select and adapt Debussy's music. Tiomkin's contribution to the film was a brilliant orchestration and assimilation of four Debussy works—"Nocturnes (Nuages)," "Afternoon of the Faun," "The Maid With the Flaxen Hair," and "Arabesque." But Jennie's theme, the haunting melody of the song she sings to Eben, was his own composition.

The film was rushed toward completion, through anxious months of editing and scoring, so that it could be released and start returning some money to the Selznick Organization.

But David O. had his doubts about the film being ready for release. He felt it lacked a good ending, though it was essentially the ending of the book, the storm. But the storm that he had in mind. Nevertheless, he permitted *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* to be premiered at a New York benefit in the winter of 1948. The film received mixed reviews and particularly bad ones from the Hearst papers which had sponsored and promoted the benefit.

Selznick was furious. He accused his distribution staff of having persuaded him to release the film before it was finished, before he had the right ending. He yanked the picture out of release, threw his legal department into a whirlpool of shattered booking contracts, and went back into production.

He rewrote the ending, tightening the drama, and emphasizing the dramatic, in this instance, a huge tidal wave that sweeps the lovers apart and to their separate destinies. He spent well over \$200,000 on special effects. And at the climax of *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE*, during its second official release in March, 1949, the theater screen expanded into a crude version of Cinemascope and a green tinted storm crashed and howled and screamed in stereophonic sound. Then to top that, the final shot in the film, Eben's portrait of Jennie, hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was rendered in full technicolor.

Despite its cost (\$4,000,000), its two long years of production, its enchanting story, its credible performances, and its spectacular climax (the special effects won the film an Academy Award), *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* was an unfortunate critical, then box office flop. The Selznick Releasing Organization tried to save its investment by toning down the showy storm sequence and rereleasing the film in 1950 as *TIDAL WAVE*. It was subsequently rereleased in 1956 under the original title. It earned the Selznick Releasing Organization barely a million dol-

The patchwork weave of time and space has begun and the first threads of truth, one from the past (the newspaper) and one from the future (the gloves) are before us.

lars and was quickly rewarded with a one-way trip to the vaults of oblivion.

Yet, *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* is in many ways a really remarkable film, perhaps one of the most exquisite fantasy films ever made. Certainly it is one too long unseen and neglected.

As complex and abstract as it is, with its minor confusions and contradictions, and with its pardonable lapses into pretentiousness (mainly Selznick's "right ending"), *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* still succeeds as fantasy, still persuades one to believe in it, by creating a superb milieu rich in visual and aural imagery, peopled by reasonably sane and alive human beings, all woven delicately into a sensuous evocation of time and timelessness.

More than simply about love and romance, more than simply about the "winter of the mind," as Eben Adams describes his inability to paint what he feels, *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* is a poetic film about the idea and mystery of time and space. It is the mystery of who is Jennie Appleton? Where does she come from? Why? And how is it possible for two lives, separated by a generation of time and the reality of death, to interweave so as to reach the fulfillment of both?

The answers, perhaps not altogether satisfying or in the context of fantasy, necessarily, evolve from Eben's encounters with Jennie and from the conclusions he draws from a belief in what bits and pieces of a complex quilt-work of past, present, and future tell him.

Director Dieterle is well aware of the importance of Eben's first encounter with Jennie, for if we do not believe in Jennie as a child, it is unlikely that we would believe in anything that follows. So in a splendid opening montage, which illustrates perfectly the harmony of purpose between the three key creators, Dieterle, August, and Tiomkin, Dieterle sets out to create a state of mind in which Jennie's appearance, though still curious, would be believable.

Behind the mournful strains of Debussy's "Nocturnes (Nuages)" there rises a series of images of Manhattan, of blue mountains of glass and steel, or bridges bowed across the cold, steaming East River, of snow capped ghetto roofs, city landscapes that an artist of black and desperate moods might paint. They are heartbeats preserved, time fixed, the city as Eben Adams see it, cold, as paint on canvas. But there is some life in these landscapes. Barely perceptible wisps of smoke drift skyward, dots move, and a tug on the river makes its way to the sea. And then, through the snowy regions of Central Park, there moves the gaunt figure of

Adams, carrying his portfolio, silent and alone.

The park is deserted, benches and playgrounds empty. The thunder of the city is muted and far away. It is near dusk and the images capture the kind of late winter afternoon remembered from boyhood--too brittle to touch--colorless except for the warm glow of street lamps and store windows, always leading somewhere, etched forever in memory in shades of grey feelings and on-rushing night.

Mood is established and place put into the contemporary context of the artist. Empathy grows, as our well of memory and subconscious feelings is tapped.

Eben finds a package, something wrapped in old newspapers, lying on a park bench and stops to pick it up. A child's voice calls out to him and says directly, "It belongs to me." He looks up, searches for the child, and out of a veil of ice and snow, shimmering in the light of a park lamp, emerges Jennie, a little girl playing hopscotch.

So isolated is the intimate setting from the "real" world, that the sounds of the street recede and with them the idea of the indifferent city. It is as if time had stopped.

Concerned for the lateness of the hour, Eben suggests that Jennie ought to be going home. But she explains that there is no one ready for her yet and she is not afraid, now that he is there.

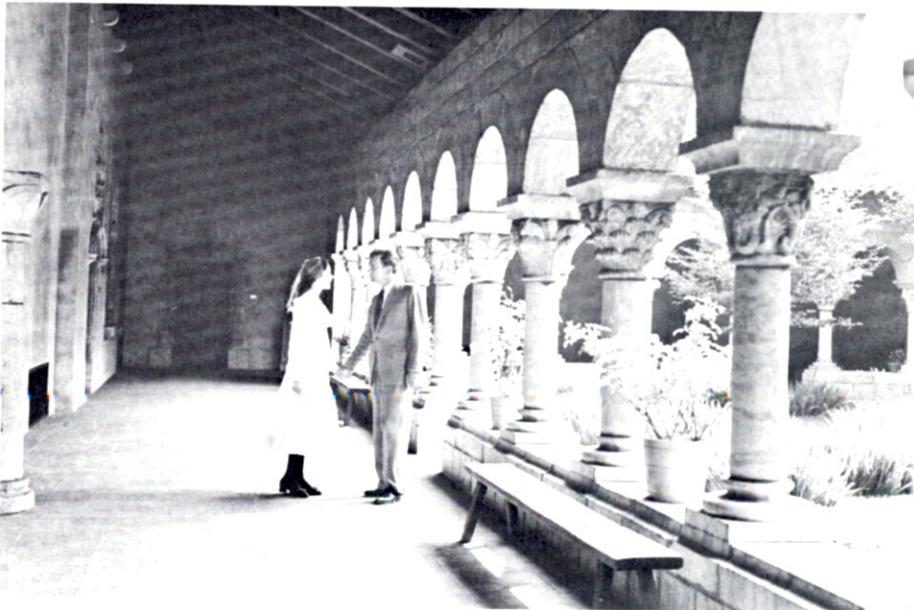
An enchanting child, who is as curious of Eben and his work as he is of her presence, she seems to be not unlike other ten year olds, though oddly dressed, who know and enjoy games and songs. Her's is a wishing game and she wishes that Eben would wait for her to grow up so that they could always be together. It is a charming idea, but one that Eben naturally dismisses as merely the fantasy of an imaginative and lonely little girl. But her child's song startles him. It is out of place, strangely melodic, and the words haunting.

Where I come from
Nobody knows;
And where I'm going
Everything goes.
The wind blows,
The sea flows--
Nobody knows.

Stranger still are Jennie's curious responses to Eben's innocent questions. Her parents, he learns, work as acrobats at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre. Yet, he recalls that Hammerstein's was torn down years ago, when he was a boy. She tells of a girl friend, Cecily Brown, who's father works in Germany and sees the Kaiser every day. Yet, the Kaiser has been dead for years. And when Jennie looks through Eben's portfolio of unsold sketches, she is frightened by one of Cape Cod, one that is of a point of land and a dark and stormy sea. There is a lighthouse beyond the dunes, she tells him, though she doesn't know how she knows.

As swiftly and unexpectedly as she had emerged, like a child breaking off a game to respond to a mother's call, Jennie disappears into the icy dusk, leaving Eben with but the fleeting warmth of her presence and the newspaper wrapped package she has forgotten.

Top: Mother Superior (Lillian Gish) recalls the strange, spiritual beauty of Jennie for Joseph Cotton. Middle and bottom: St. Mary's where Jennie and Eben meet among simplicity and grace.





Top: Eben's second meeting with Jennie, now a young girl of thirteen, among the ice skaters in Central Park. Bottom: Eben sums up both his attitude and his whole life when he tells his friend, Gus (David Wayne), "I just go along and trust in God."

The encounter is brief, almost too brief for all the subtle details of meanings, implications, and mystery. It is a sequence to which one returns again and again, in thought, as the story progresses.

Dieterle doesn't hesitate to shift our attention away from the strangeness of Jennie, what Eben recalls as the quality of "not altogether belonging of today" and rationalizes as merely a bit of lightheadedness, from not having enough to eat, to the stark realities of Eben's situation, that he is broke, that his studio is drafty, that he owes his nagging landlady two weeks rent, that he can't paint with meaning anymore.

Then, almost as soon as the thought of Jennie has slipped into vague remembrance, Eben chances to investigate the package he has kept for her. To his astonishment he finds the newspaper to be from 1910 and there is a prominent ad for Hammerstein's Victoria Theater and an act known as the Appletons. Circumstance, perhaps. But stranger yet, inside the wrappings are a pair of gloves, but too big for such a little girl. They are women's gloves and wet with sea water.

Immediately the newspaper recalls for us

all that Jennie appeared to be and gives some uneasy credibility to what she said about herself. And the gloves not only heighten our interest, but confound us with their secrecy. The patch-work weave of time and space has begun and the first threads of truth, one from the past (the newspaper) and one from the future (the gloves) are before us.

Introduced too, in these opening sequences, are several of the film's important motifs -- repetitive themes which add dimension and meaning to characterization and setting and complement the film's main statements.

There is the art motif. Art opens the film, with its representations of Eben's view of the world, is used in similar textured images to transit the four seasons of the story, and ends the film with the last shot of Jennie's portrait. In Eben's imaginatively photographed garret studio, where dust hangs from the ceiling and the decor is early clutter and careless put-together, his finished and unfinished paintings lie in heaps of rejection and doubt and morning light strains through the dismal rooftop windows, as Eben's soul strains, to reach his easled canvas. His unfinished portrait of Jennie becomes a purpose and a bond between them, but a barrier when Eben is forced to sell it to raise bail bond for his friend Gus. Art is not only Eben's whole life, it is his whole character. A shy, awkward man, who can't even bring himself to argue with his nagging landlady, he is inarticulate except through expression in his work. The inappropriateness of his romanticism and gentleness, for survival in the pit that is the city, is aptly summed up by an artist friend, who judges his landscapes and still lifes as being "soft as peppermint." And while he struggles to retain his integrity as a "serious painter," he is forced, by the realities of his self-made miseries, to sell his talent to Moore's Alhambra Bar where, in exchange for a mural of Mike Collins, the IRA rebel, beer and pig's knuckles prevail over all sorrows.

The sea as a motif is always the conjurer of the spectre of death and the rolling symbol of eternity. Not only does the sea appear in Eben's work, but it appears in Jennie's song, in the mystery and moods of much of Debussy's music, in the cliché of wind rippling across a meadow of grass, in the fear Jennie expresses upon hearing the distant hoot of a tugboat on the river, and literally as it drips from the gloves, Jennie's gloves, that Eben finds in the old newspapers. We know the sea well by the climax of the film, we know how to feel about it, why to fear it, and when Eben comes to act, to try to save Jennie from her fate, Dieterle has managed to place us in the right cheering section.

Finally, there is Jennie's sad little song. The utilization of Debussy's music is a major triumph for Selznick and Tiomkin. The music always appropriately underscores and complements the imagery, though at times, and perhaps much to the dismay of the director, carries the whole meaning of a scene. But Jennie's theme and the words of her brief sad song, are used as a means by which to suggest her other-worldliness, the remoteness of the past, and signal her presence. When Eben meets her unexpectedly the second time, in a marvelously designed ice skating sequence set in Central Park and finely etched in subtle tones of black and white, reminiscent of an old museum print, Jennie's theme precedes his finding her among the crowd. And here too she emerges out of the glare of the sun on ice and snow. In moments of solitude, the melody of the

The gloves are used to accentuate this strange warping of time and space. Eben tries to return them to her, but each time they are still too big for her hands, until just before the storm.

song haunts Eben and suggests his longing for her. The phrase "the wind blows, the sea flows" becomes the clue that leads Eben to their final encounter in the autumn storm.

While expanding rapidly on the basic themes of Jennie's influence on Eben's work (he sells several sketches of her and begins her portrait) and Eben's growing love for her (a more passionate embrace after each longer period of separation), Dieterle never misses an opportunity to suggest that time is merely an illusion, that yesterday and tomorrow could exist as equal entities beside today, and that we cannot really say what is past and what is present and sometimes we dare not.

Each time Eben encounters Jennie she is a few years older, while real time, Eben's time, has advanced only a few weeks or few months. She is a child of thirteen when they meet at the skating pond at the park, a girl of sixteen when she begins to sit for her portrait, and a woman of twenty when he folds her in his arms for the last time at Land's End Light. Each time she reiterates her wish for him to wait for her to grow up and tells him how much she is hurrying. It is to the skill and youthful loveliness of actress Jennifer Jones that most of the credit goes for a believable Jennie, though she is helped in the transitions by costuming, by changes in hair style, by camera angle and lighting, and even by dialogue. At age ten, for example, when Eben asks her why she is alone in the park, she replies, as a little girl might, "Is it late? I don't tell time very well." While later, as a school girl, her conversations with Eben are full of girlish gossip and secrets. The gloves are used to accentuate this strange warping of time and space. Eben tries to return them to her, but each time they are still too big for her hands, until just before the storm.

While skating with Jennie, Eben accidentally tears a button off her winter coat. It is forgotten until some time later when one night, in the old theater district, Eben finds tacked to the wall of a shoe shine parlor a 1913 publicity photo of the acrobats who were Jennie's parents. He is astonished to find little Jennie standing beside them in the

Top: Their first meeting in Eben's cluttered studio, where sixteen year old Jennie agrees to sit for her portrait. Bottom: Eben offers his finished portrait to Miss Spinney (Ethel Barrymore) and Mr. Mathews (Cecil Kellaway).

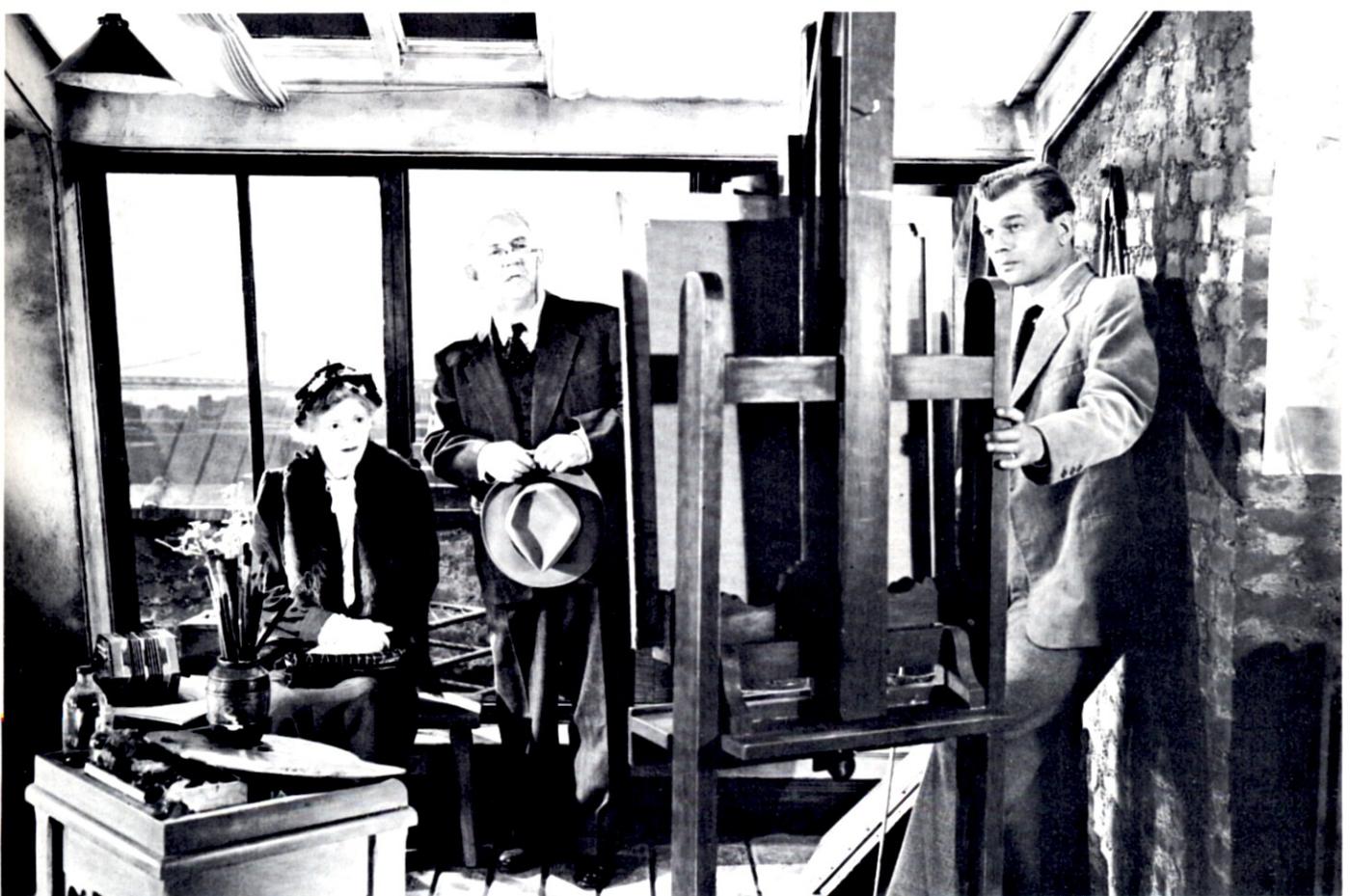


photo. As he examines the bewildering evidence, he notices that Jennie is wearing the same kind of coat she wore that day at the skating pond and it is missing one button, the very one he holds in his hand.

On Jennie's third visit with Eben, the first at his studio loft, she is wearing the uniform of a girl's school. We learn that her parents had been killed in a high wire accident a few years before and her aunt had sent her to school at St. Mary's. When she invites Eben to visit her the following Sunday, he eagerly accepts. But when he makes the visit, she is nowhere to be found and only the Mother Superior knows of her. She explains to Eben that she had been a student, but many years ago. He inquires further, as to where she is now and how he might get in touch with her, only to hear the truth he fearfully suspects. Some ten years earlier, while sailing alone out to Land's End Light, off Cape Cod, Jennie had drowned in a fierce storm.

With that one fact finally before him, the many pieces of this strange quilt-work of time and space are almost complete. And while there is no longer a question in Eben's mind who Jennie is or where she has come from, there remain the uneasy questions of why, and how?

At first it seems that Jennie's whole purpose for coming to Eben, for growing up as swiftly as she does, for simply being, is to restore, through her presence and love, his human spirit and to be the mature inspiration for what obviously will be a masterpiece of a portrait. Other artists of other ages have had their singular muse, so why not Eben? But from knowing Jennie, first as a child, then as a young girl, finally as a woman, and from the facts of her life Eben gathers, we come to understand that Jennie is as much in need of Eben as he is of her. To make this absolutely clear, Dieterle has the Mother Superior verbalize this point. Jennie's life was too brief, she points out to Eben, to have reached fulfillment or to have known love. Thus, the portrait is to be her fulfillment and Eben's love, the love she never had.

As no one else ever sees Jennie, Eben's friends come to believe that he is imagining her, that she is a "cobweb in his mind." As a romantic at heart, Eben never strongly questions how Jennie is possible; never tries to find out what law or "pseudo-Einsteinian concept of time and space" is at work. He is too grateful to have his brief moments with her and too fearful of losing her to ask questions. He sums up both his attitude and his whole life when he tells Gus, "I just go along and trust in God."

While God, the great unseen and unspoken character and manipulator of many a fantasy, might be enough of an explanation of how to satisfy Eben Adams, Dieterle goes on to suggest a couple of other possibilities. With admirable craftsmanship (a manipulator of minor magnitude), he sets up basic premises within the context of his believable fantasy which tend to answer the question of how, hopefully, before it gets asked.

One premise, which is supported fervently by credible illustration, is that time is merely an illusion. A single place, a single moment is harbor for all that was, all that is, and all that will be. Time and event are eternal and all that is needed to recall the physical past or step into the unknown future is some kind of key. But what in this fantasy is the key? For Eben, the past can only be evoked in memory, the future in conjecture, premonition, and prediction. He is physically stuck in the present. It is only Jennie, so

Rendezvous with at Land's end Lig



death... it

it seems, who has the "key," who is able to move from spiritual past to corporeal present, and at one point she makes this very clear when she tells Eben, "You can't come to me, I can only come to you."

Dieterle is not long before implying what this "key" might be. It lies within our understanding and acceptance of the film's most important premise, the idea of eternal love; love that can be reached despite seemingly corporeal barriers of time and space. He gives it to us straight in a brief, but significant conversation that Eben has with an old man he meets at the convent, shortly after he has learned the facts of Jennie's death.

The two men wonder the fate of the young girls who pass along the walk; wonder which ones will take the veil and which ones will seek out a young man and marry. And Eben, thinking of Jennie, asks, what happens if a girl doesn't find her young man? What then? The old man replies, philosophically, that there is always somebody if you look long and hard enough.

ADAMS

But will they be the right one?

OLD MAN

Ah, the right one! Who are we to tell. What is it which makes a man and a woman know they, of all other men and women of the world, belong to each other? Is there perhaps one soul among all others, among all who have lived in endless generations, from world's end to world's end, who might love us?

ADAMS

If there is, what chances have we to find that soul?

OLD MAN

I think that somehow, sometime or other, we get this chance to love and be loved even beyond death if there is a great need.

It is Eben's great need for Jennie that results in the severest test of this premise and the severest test of the film's fantasy, their final meeting at the lighthouse, where the intricate weaving of two separate lives and of time and space is complete.

In marked contrast to the film's opening sequence, with its stark, hard images of the crushingly indifferent city, Dieterle establishes Cape Cod in a quick succession of brooding, uncluttered panoramas of ocean splendor. Great, sweeping breakers roll upon deserted beaches, gulls rise and fall on invisible currents, a sea breeze whips nets set out to dry in grassy meadows on top of high dunes, fishing schooners are outward bound, and cold-white, red capped Cape Cod houses stand like lonely windows, facing the sea. It is a perfect day of autumnal peace, a splendid day for an artist to render its moods of serenity and solitude.

Eben has finished his portrait of Jennie and consigned it to Mr. Mathews and Miss Spinney to sell to a museum. He has come to realize that if he can believe all that he has experienced of Jennie, all that seems to his friends to be quite impossible, that Jennie has in fact been reliving her life in order to find love and fulfillment, then he has but one chance, one crazy chance, to keep from losing her forever. He must be at Land's End Light and keep her from her destined death.

As he slowly traces the last hours of her life through the small village from where she sailed, he finds that time has mellowed memories and there are few among the shop

keepers and fishermen who remember Jennie, though most recall for him vividly the storm, the "great storm" that changed the shape of the land.

There's barely a sign of a storm when Eben sails, as Jennie had, for the reef on which sets the now abandoned lighthouse. But no sooner has he lost sight of land and village, then the sky begins to weather up the sea rises, and sinister winds blow. He reaches the lighthouse, but is barely able to tie up at its landing.

Jennie is not there. Her name, lost upon the wind, reverberates and echoes up and down the circular staircase that leads to the top of the tower. A storm has enveloped him, there is no horizon, no sense of belonging to the earth, and no longer a sense of time. There is only the surrealist fury of the storm. Then, above the moaning wind, he hears Jennie's song, the strangely melodic, haunting tune. The storm subsides and below, on the quieting sea, Jennie's sloop makes for the light.

Up to this moment in *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE*, the very climax, Dieterle has been making provocative, cinematic statements about the eternal mysteries of time and space, of the endurance of the human spirit, and, even in the earlier obligatory scenes of tender romance, has managed to avoid embarrassing sentimentality and triteness. But now Jennie and Eben meet among the sea swept rocks and in one swift, passionate move are in each other's arms pledging their eternal love and thanking one another for what has been given or sacrificed. It is a terribly awkward scene, one that has the heavy imprint of David O. Selznick's idea of a right ending. Fortunately it is brief.

Having found Jennie, having embraced her in his arms, Eben knows he must get her back to the mainland. But as they make their way down to the boats, the wind rises again, their path is suddenly cut by the sea, and then they hear it, turn and see it, "a great wave, coming steady and very fast." There is no getting away. What was will be again. In a truly spectacular scene, the great wave breaks over the reef to obliterate the lighthouse and the terrified, embracing lovers.

Eben awakens five days later in a room at the village inn. From Miss Spinney and Mr. Mathews he learns of the "hurricane" that swept suddenly inland from the sea and how he was found, barely alive, among the wreckage of his sloop, tossed upon the beach. Though he knows now that he can never really lose Jennie, for a brief moment he wonders if he had ever seen and held her in his arms. But Spinney dispels any doubts in his mind, when she shows him a pair of strange gloves found beside him in the sand. They are Jennie's gloves.

The last shot in the film, of the actual portrait (the work of artist Robert Blackman), is a nice summation of all that we have experienced.

I think Mr. Mathews, the art dealer, summed up why I like and respect *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE* very much. He was talking to Eben about the first sketch of Jennie, as a little girl, of how much it reminded him of the past, and he came to comment about great women and great portraits. He could just as well have been talking about films and this one in particular.

There ought to be something timeless about a film--something eternal. You can see it in all the great films of the past; they make you feel you could see those films--anywhere--and be inspired by them.

SP

W

LU

NCH

TWA

DWY

Chrome Robot

IMM

ELC

SEN

THX

SRT

LUH

PTO

NCH

TWA

DWY

Chrome Robot

IMM

ELC

SEN

THX

SRT

LUH

PTO

NCH

TWA

DWY

THX 1138

...a new direction in the futuristic cinema that is truly original.

THX 1138 A Warner Brothers Film. 2/71. In Technicolor and Techniscope. 88 minutes. Executive Producer, Francis Ford Coppola. Produced by Lawrence Sturhahn. Directed by George Lucas. Screenplay by George Lucas and Walter Murch. Original story by George Lucas. Directors of photography, Dave Meyers and Albert Kohn. Art director, Michael Haller. Film editor, George Lucas. Location sound, Lou Yates and Jim Manson. Sound montages by Walter Murch. Associate producer, Ed Folger. Music by Lalo Schifren. Titles and animation by Hal Barwood. Property master, Ted Moehnke. Costumes by Donald Longhurst. Production assistants, Stan Scholl, Nick Saxton and George Burrato. Continuity, Lillian McNeill. Car stunts by Jon Ward. Bike stunts by Duffy Hamilton.

SEN	Donald Pleasence
THX	Robert Duvall
SRT	Don Pedro Colley
LUH	Maggie McOmie
PTO	Ian Wolf
NCH	Sid Haig
TWA	Marshall Efrom
DWY	John Pearce
Chrome Robot	Johnny Weismuller, Jr.
Chrome Robot	Robert Feero
IMM	Irene Forrest
ELC	Claudette Bessing

In the late sixties, USC cinema student George Lucas made a startling, imaginative little film entitled *THX 1138 4EB*. It ran about twenty minutes, and was simply a chase sequence of a man running away from the cold, sterile life of the underground world in a distant future. With perceptive control of color, emphasizing blues and whites, Lucas also displayed remarkably professional handling of lengthy tracking shots of the running man, and in sustaining the cross-cutting from pursuers to the pursued.

Much more than a chase film, *THX* visualized a truly unique future in design, handling of actors, and camera technique. Even in its short running time, it displayed a maturity of form, a development of concept and a passion for film-making far superior to many short films by young film-makers.

To expand such a devastating, powerful little work to feature length made me feel rather apprehensive at first, when the undertaking was announced. The short made such a vivid impression that to enlarge it might result in a self-indulgent, over-emphatic vision of a possible future.

But these apprehensions vanished upon viewing it. *THX 1138* is a brilliant minor masterpiece as film, and a truly major masterpiece of science fiction. Yet, much like *2001*, it is more in the nature of abstract, allegorical fantasy.

Lucas has taken his original short and moved it in a further direction in his auspicious feature directorial debut. Instead of focusing on the chase, it centers on the physical and emotional predicament of the individual called *THX 1138*. Lucas' treatment of *THX* in relation to the film is not entirely one of future man, but mainly an extension of the present state of mankind.

Simple reversals of present day situations, mainly the accepted consumption of previously outlawed drugs, and the outlawing of any sexual relationships whatsoever, effectively bring to light modern day predicaments, much like Franklin J. Schaffner's under-rated science fiction masterpiece, *PLANET OF THE APES*, did.

Religion is reduced to confessing in a glass booth, where a softly undertoned voice on a recording supposedly soothes the individual into accepting his dull, everyday routine. Inside the booth is an enlarged head of a famous painting of Christ, and it is this picture alone that people must find spiritual comfort in.

People act and react with limited emotion, human police are replaced by mechanical ones, homes and clothing are mostly colored white, all heads are shaven bald, letters and numbers replace names, and this vacuum, this sterile environment of mass conformity, superficially an ideal utopia, is what *THX* is running away from. He is a man with individualism, conscience, and emotions, and Lucas' sympathy for him is clearly evidenced in every scene.

The final fifteen minutes contain a harrowing car chase in the long tunnel corridors of the city. Lucas handled these action sequences with tight, adept precision and a casual, slightly witty quality that characterizes some of the film's ingenious throwaway bits that are scattered throughout the film.

Claustrophobia is the main concept of the film, and Lucas visually realizes this through extreme close-ups and long shots of people surrounded by machinery or white empty space.

Primarily, the film is a visual experience, somewhat in the vein of *2001*. Of course, the budget is smaller, but the deliberate pacing, the concentration on visual impact, and the lengthy single takes all put it in a similar league with Kubrick's masterpiece. It is this purposeful slowness of tempo that people will either be absorbed by or irritated with.

But the leisurely timing is what gives it the bizarre quality so necessary to the aesthetic distancing. The use of hot white lighting and bleach white gowns against white walls, with striking contrasts of blue, contribute to the disorienting effect that infuses the viewer's senses.

Robert Duvall enacts *THX* with restrained depth and compassion that contrasts dramatically with the undertoned emotion of the rest of the cast, including Donald Pleasence. The actors and style fuse together so fluidly that it achieves a formal consistency not unlike *2001*.

The future has been glimpsed in such extraordinary works as Lang's *METROPOLIS* and Menzies' *THINGS TO COME*, but *THX 1138* sees a new direction in the futuristic cinema that is truly original. While it has the exterior trappings of the conventional disenchanted individual who rebels against his predicament and his world, the form is part of a movement in the exploration of an immense realm of stylistic possibilities. *2001* was the start, *THX 1138* is a continuation, and a magnificent one.

Dale Winogura

THE MEPHISTO WALTZ

THE MEPHISTO WALTZ A 20th Century-Fox Picture. 3/71. In Color by DeLuxe. 115 minutes. Produced by Quinn Martin. Directed by Paul Wendkos. Screenplay by Ben Maddow based on the novel by Fred Mustard Stewart. Associate producer, Arthur Fellows. Director of photography, William W. Spencer, A.S.C. Music by Jerry Goldsmith. "The Mephisto Waltz" by Liszt played by Jakob Gimpel. Costumes, Moss Mabry. Art direction, Richard Y. Haman. Set decoration, Walter M. Scott and Raphael Bretton. Film editor, Richard Brockway. Special photographic effects by Howard A. Anderson Co. Unit production manager, William Eckhardt. Assistant director, David Hall. Sound supervision, John A. Bonner. Sound mixer/recorder, Don J. Bassman. Camera operator, Gene Evans. Makeup supervision, Dan Striepeke. Makeup artist, Joe Di Bella. Property master, Disney Greenwood. Hair stylist, Pat Abbott. Main titles designed by Phillip Norman. Orchestration, Arthur Morton.

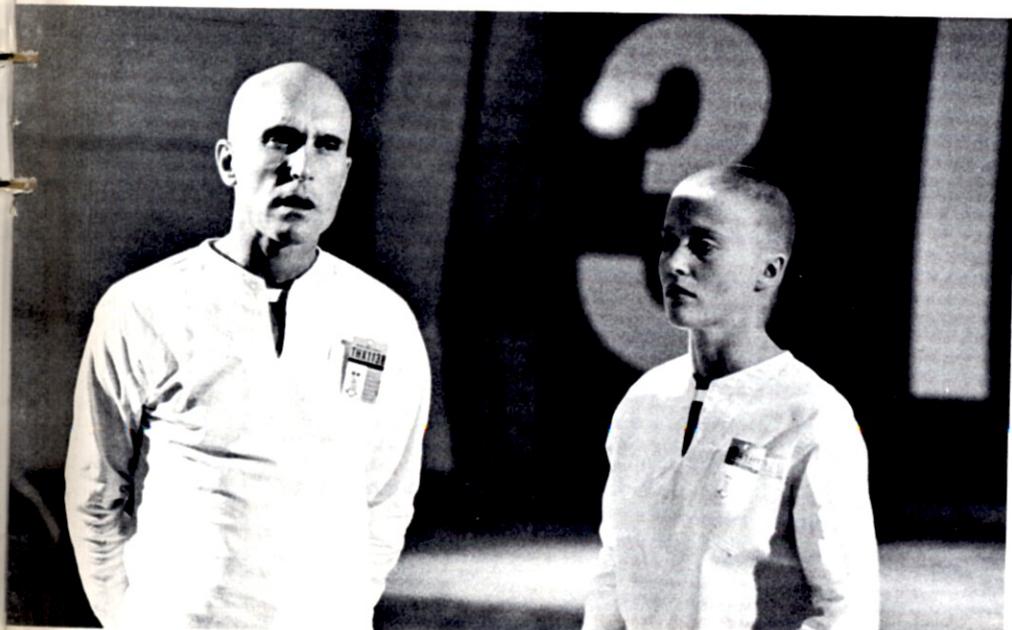
Myles Clarkson Alan Alda
Paula Clarkson Jacqueline Bisset
Roxanne Barbara Parkins
Bill Delancy Brad Dillman
Dr. West William Windom
Maggie West Kathleen Widdoes
Abby Clarkson Pamelyn Ferdin
Agency Head Curt Lowens
Conductor Gregory Morton
Agency Head's Girl Janee Michelle
Woman Writer Lilyan Chauvin
Zanc Theun Khigh Dhiegh
Bennet Alberto Morin
Raymont Berry Kroeger
Richard Terence Scammell
and
Curt Jurgens as Duncan Ely

Paul Wendkos possesses a diabolical, iconoclastic paranoia most admirably suited to these grim, harrowing exploits in the supernatural-psychological-horror-melodrama genre.

His film exists in a world of perpetual nightmare, filled with dazzling colors, brooding shadows, ominous conversations, forboding silences, extensive close-ups, austere master shots, conventional angles, stylized angles, distorted details, and crystal imagery. The boundaries of fantasy and reality are constantly weaving and merging; dreams melt into reality and vice versa; individual perspectives shift from one character to the next and one ultimately becomes inseparable from the other, and yet all this molds into a single point of view. In the film medium, the perceiver of these visions is of course the film's director, using the protagonist as a focal point for his expression.

Wendkos sustains the initial momentum of the narrative with a persistent forward movement that enables one to cast aside any second thoughts about the story's doubtful rationale. All of his major works, ANGEL

THX 1138: Top and bottom, Robert Duvall and Maggie McOmie awaken to feelings they have never known. Middle, the shiny, skull-like visage of a policeman, a programmed machine.





BABY, THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE BELL, FACE OF A FUGITIVE and THE BURGLAR, create an independent, nonconformist logic that fits perfectly into the perplexing nature of THE MEPHISTO WALTZ. This is his consummate achievement to date, a masterpiece of delicate, textural consistency sometimes evocative of Jack Clayton's THE INNOCENTS. Its frail solemnity is sustained with careful sensitivity, aided by the muted intensity Wendkos invests and sustains in his actors.

There is a portentous intelligence, an elusive presence dominating the film that Wendkos and his group have captured with disturbing precision. It is this very quality that many a horror film has attempted, notably Polanski's ROSEMARY'S BABY, and failed to achieve.

Ambivalent story development, with a vague, almost discernible enigma at its core, has always been a vital, necessary link to Wendkos' peculiar vision. This creates an equivocal tension that clarifies and often enhances his obsessively alienated viewpoint and obtuse, somewhat demented style.

His characters appear mentally balanced on the surface, but he discloses that hidden personality embedded in the corner of even the sanest individual mind. Wendkos spares his audience little sentiment, sympathy, or compassion for the plight of his characters, but neither does he sledge-hammer or wallow in his merciless, uncompromising personality.

The plot to drive an interfering wife insane enough to commit suicide is partly reminiscent of Clouzot's DIABOLIQUE, but in THE MEPHISTO WALTZ, one is made never entirely certain of such a scheme even existing. Dreams substitute reality, reality seems unreal, and hints are spread around to purposely throw the viewer off any single track of fantasy or actuality in the mind of the film's protagonist, Paula.

One may argue that the film's ambiguities are often too contrived, obvious, and concrete to be convincing or effective either as drama or psychological introspection, but these are purely writer's fabrications. Wendkos has molded all the diverse elements of the material and fashioned them into an extension and a pinnacle expression of his insanely messianic personality. This messianism dominates because not even the most atheistic pessimism can disguise the purifying, redemptive superego, reflected in his intense concentration on the predicament of his protagonist, and extremely vindictive treatment of the hostile forces surrounding her. Even though Paula, played by Jacqueline Bisset in her most fulfilled characterization, is pitilessly brutalized, her endurance and mounting courage can be construed as a spiritual force that counteracts, and eventually must even come to terms with, the forces that she attempts to outwit.

Wendkos manages to lend a touch of macabre romanticism, conveying even a simple romantic embrace with a luminescent, subtly erotic quality more powerfully evocative than all the explicit couplings in films of purported prestige. With this, THE MEPHISTO WALTZ takes on an aphrodisiac psychotic quality that, even with minor resemblance to Hitchcock's VERTIGO, is totally unique in the history of horror cinema.

Dale Winogura

THE MEPHISTO WALTZ: Barbara Parkins invokes the aid of the Devil in promoting her evil and libidinous designs.

THE NIGHT VISITOR A UMC Picture. 2/71. In Eastmancolor. 102 minutes. A Hemisphere Production. Produced by Mel Ferrer. Directed by Laslo Benedek. Screenplay by Guy Elmes based on an original story by Samuel Rosecca. Director of photography, Henning Kristiansen. Editor, Bill Blunden. Music by Henry Mancini.

Salem Max von Sydow
Inspector Trevor Howard
Esther Jenks Liv Ullman
Dr. Anton Jenks Per Oscarsson
Clemens Rupert Davies
Dr. Kemp Andrew Kier
Pop Arthur Hewlett
Mrs. Hansen Gretchen Franklin
Carl Jim Kennedy
Emmie Hanne Bork
Tokens Bjorn Watt Boolsen
Britt Lottie Freddie

THE NIGHT VISITOR is a film of surface suspense which is initially lifted out of its class and then ultimately burdened by an il-

lustrious international cast geared to probe the dark, interior corridors of psychology.

Thus the cheering presence of Max von Sydow, Liv Ullman, Per Oscarsson and Trevor Howard in this heavily-contrived tale of revenge and murder has a reverse effect when the viewer sadly senses all this sterling talent, instead of redeeming the frail material, is only succeeding in spotlighting its unworthiness.

Guy Elmes' screenplay, adapted from an original story by Samuel Rosecca, concerns Salem (Sydow), a Swedish farmer unjustly imprisoned in a foreboding insane asylum for the axe murder of a farmhand. Salem, his wits sharpened by endless games of chess with his guard, hits upon a scheme to free himself (legally) and revenge himself (quite illegally) on those who framed him.

Twice he slips out of his cell, scales a high wall, trudges in his underwear through miles of freezing weather to kill several persons connected with the case. In each instance he is careful to leave clues which point to the guilt of his brother-in-law (Oscarsson) who, prodded by Salem's sister (Miss Ullman), actually murdered the farmhand.

The dour detective (Howard) assigned to the case is almost positive the brother-in-law, a somewhat inept doctor, is innocent, but he cannot fathom how the supposedly insane Salem can escape and return to the prison-like asylum with such apparent ease. This is a point which might prove bothersome to the viewer, as well, if the sequence involving Salem's tricky escape were not so fascinating. There is something about the how-to-do-it scene, whether it be the perfect robbery bit or the great escape executed here, which calls for instant admiration and a suspension of disbelief in the audience.

The ending, however, where Salem's plan has worked so well it can only be undone by an unkind act of fate is so ill-conceived that only charitable filmgoers will overlook the lameness of its inventiveness.

On the plus side, the photography of Henning Kristiansen has a wintery, ice-blue sheen which even extends to the interiors, which are so cheerless they prepare the onlooker for the tragedy to come. In keeping with the "GP" tag carried by the film, the camera always averts its eye before Salem commits a murder, and technically there is more shock value in the picture's preview where the various killings are presented in hysterical, rapid-fire succession.

The direction is by Laslo Benedek, whose curious career stretches from its high (THE WILD ONE, 1953) to its low (NAMU, THE KILLER WHALE, 1966) with nothing much in between. Here he has extracted a jittery, puppet-on-a-string performance from Oscarsson, who established himself as one of the greatest (and strangest) actors in the world with the Danish-made HUNGER, but Benedek failed to get much out of Trevor Howard, who walks through the proceedings with the knowing--and not caring--air of a man who recognizes the routine trappings and refuses to waste any energy transcending them.

Miss Ullman and Sydow, a long way from the complexities of their roles in the Ingmar Bergman films (notably SHAME), are workmanlike in their responses yet their one-dimensional roles do not allow for much characterization. Miss Ullman is forced to define evil by looking stern and speaking sharply, while Sydow expresses his incipient madness with a final maniacal laugh.

The failure of THE NIGHT VISITOR with its high echelon cast suggests an interesting idea: how would the same script have looked with a totally different set of actors, say Christopher Lee, as the revenge-crazed Salem; Barbara Steele, doing her specialty, as the witch-y wife who prods others to do evil acts; Klaus Kinski, as the wild-eyed doctor, and Peter Cushing, as the determined investigator? It almost sounds like a horror masterpiece.

Robert L. Jerome

THE NIGHT VISITOR

SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES

SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES A Fanfare Film. 5/71. In Metrocolor. 89 minutes. Executive producer, Joe Solomon. Producer, David Hammond. Directed by Bruce Kessler. Screenplay by Robert Phippen. Director of photography, David Butler. Associate producer, Thomas J. Schmidt. Editor, Renn Reynolds. Art director, Dale Hennesy. Set decorator, Robert DeVestol. Special effects, Roger George. Music by Stu Phillips.

Simon Andrew Prine
Linda Brenda Scott
Turk George Paulsin
Rackum Norman Burton
Hercules Gerald York
Sarah Ultra Violet
Shay Michael C. Ford
Troy Lee Lambert
Colin Angus Duncan
Stanley Richmond Shepard
Olivia Allyson Ames

Simon (Andrew Prine) is a warlock who lives in a storm drain. When he is arrested for vagrancy he meets a young man, Turk (George Paulsin), who introduces him to the city's drug culture. At a party, Simon meets Linda Rackum (Brenda Scott) and amuses the guests by telling fortunes. One of the predictions is of tragedy for a young man, Colin (Angus Duncan).

The opening scenes are effective. Andrew Prine makes an immediate impression as Simon, especially in a pre-title address to the audience, George Paulsin is adequate and somewhat likeable as Turk and Angus Duncan is quite satisfactory as the aloof, skeptical Colin. The party sequence is realistic with credit due art director Dale Hennesy. The introduction of Simon as a "magician" and subsequent demonstrations of his power have an underlying aura of semi-seriousness which is subtle but evident.

Simon, returning to his "home" finds that a rainstorm has washed his instruments away. He promptly blames "the gods" and vows to become their equal. Here again, we see a bit of the odd-ball philosophy that has given recent horror thrillers a certain camp oddity. In BIZARRE (see 1:35) Antony Balch mixed themes pertinent to the Tibetan Book

of the Dead, soul transmigration, scientology and reincarnation. Director Bruce Kessler has pictured Simon as a man born with powers beyond the rest of men and therefore at constant odds with whatever powers govern the universe. The themes in themselves are not particularly new but SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES (as did BIZARRE before it) pursues its odd bits of philosophical-theological expression with a reverent good humor. Unfortunately, for reasons that we shall discuss later, SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES never achieves the irony that it should have.

Up until this point, Simon has approached witchcraft with a relaxed attitude, but, when he is dared to revenge himself on Colin for passing him a bad check, he causes a supernatural manifestation to kill him. The sudden change of heart here is a bit confusing. Simon shows great respect for the powers that have been granted him and why he would suddenly decide to kill on a dare is never established. In any event, the special effects by Roger George are adequate and the execution is arrestingly staged and brought about.

Gradually, Simon involves himself more and more in the "black arts." He goes to a

party where he meets Sarah (Ultra Violet), the leader of a satanic cult. Nothing particularly satanic happens, just a group of nubile women disrobing. This sequence does feature one of the film's best lines. A young woman (Allyson Ames) is lying on an altar clothed in nothing but a medallion over her crotch: "Don't touch me," she warns Turk "I'm a religious object." Earlier, a landlord had referred to Simon as a Rabbi when he mistakes a Satanic symbol drawn on a wall for the Star of David.

Eventually, Simon constructs a mirror by which he hopes to enter the realm of the gods. To do this, he first must make love to Linda--something of a coitus ritual--but this fails so Simon is forced to sacrifice a "gay" friend of Hercules' to the gods.

Up until this point, the film is quite good. The sex scene between Miss Scott and Prine is tastefully filmed though I feel compelled to report that, though I have always had more than a little respect for Brenda Scott as a fine young actress, she is perhaps too petite to properly bring off a sex scene. I can say nothing favorable for the film's secondary female lead, Miss Violet, however. Ultra Violet is a "discovery" of Andy Warhol and, thankfully, she appears in but one scene. She may have been trying to "camp up" her role as Sarah but she is, in a word, dreadful.

The sacrifice of the homosexual is the film's funniest scene. Though Richmond Shepard is the standard stereotype and hence the laughs may be considered "cheap," I was greatly amused by the structure and execution of the sequence. Simon is dressed in a ceremonial robe, as is Stanley, who all the while believes that Simon is actually performing a marriage ceremony with Turk as the bride-to-be.

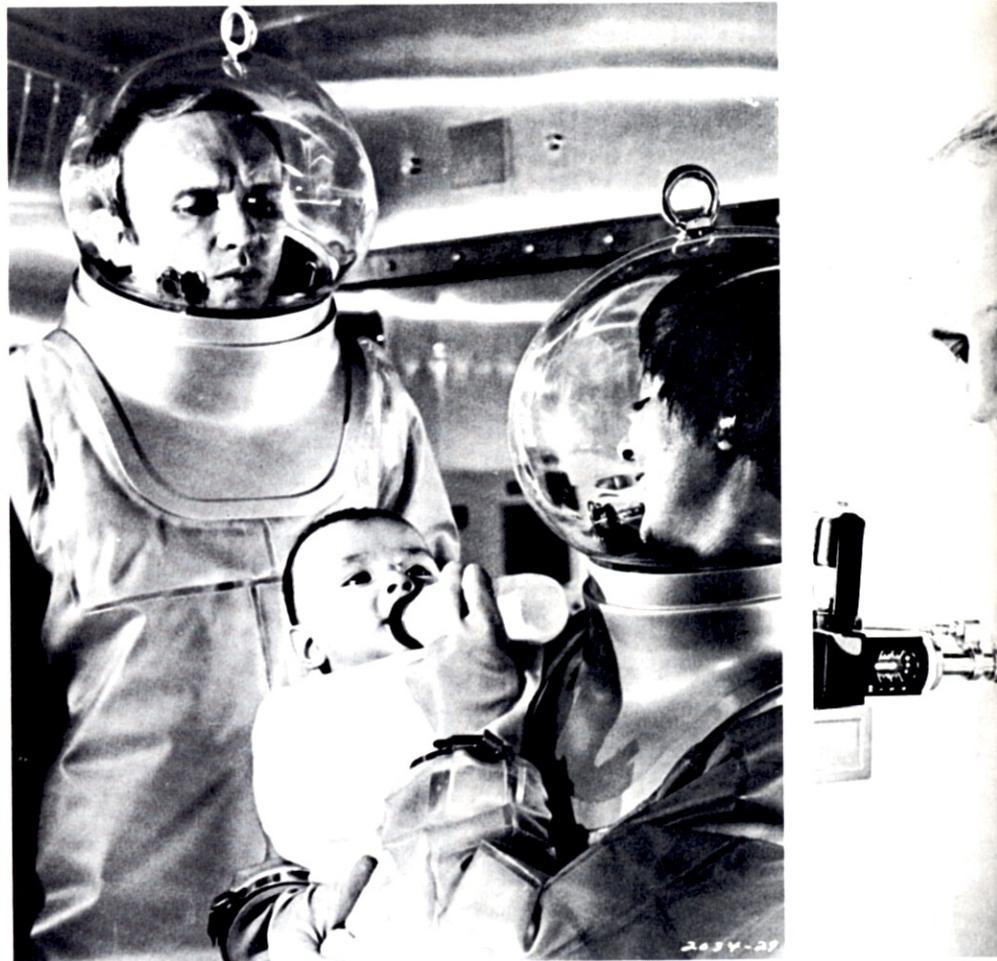
From here on in though, the film shoots down-hill and is not at all what it could have been. The last half hour or so is quite hectic. Linda dies of an over-dose of drugs, Simon is framed by a corrupt police official, and promptly hexes the city, abducts the culprit and murders him. Simon is then slain by two friends who panic for no apparent reason.

Perhaps we are to assume that "the gods" have finally worked their revenge on Simon and that his killers were possessed. The last few scenes are so very hectic though that we cannot be sure. For most of the film, Simon had been working at using the mirror to enter the realm of the gods but the film's eventual climax bears no real relation to this. I was waiting for a climactic bit of irony on man and God, something of a supernatural extension of the "man-into-God" nonsense most recently brought forth in *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*. In fact, I could have perhaps accepted Kessler's version more readily than the intellectual earnestness that Kubrick and Clarke evolved in their absurd projections.

Andrew Prine steals the film with a remarkably intense performance as Simon. Brenda Scott has been better in a succession of TV performances (particularly "Mannix" in the season just past) but she had here something of a one-dimensional part to work with. Supporting performances are good. Apart from Mr. Prine however, we must credit exceptional photography by David Butler and excellent color by Metrocolor.

SIMON, KING OF THE WITCHES is a good little horror thriller, up to a point. The approach, in scripting and direction, is camp but the execution is uneven and the film, ultimately, is not what it could have been.

John Duvoli



THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN A Universal Picture. 3/71. In Panavision and Technicolor. 131 minutes. A Robert Wise Production. Directed by Robert Wise. Screenplay by Nelson Gidding from the novel by Michael Crichton. Director of photography, Richard H. Kline, A. S. C. Production designed by Boris Levin. Art director, William Tuntke. Set decorations, Ruby Levitt. Film editors, Stuart Gilmore and John W. Holmes. Special photographic effects by Douglas Trumbull and James Shourt. Sound, Waldon O. Watson, James Alexander and Ronald Pierce. Production manager, Ernest B. Wehmeyer. Assistant director, Ridgeway Callow. Costumes, Helen Colvig. Make-up, Bud Westmore. Hair stylist, Larry Germain. Music by Gil Melle.

Dr. Jeremy Stone Arthur Hill
 Dr. Charles Dutton David Wayne
 Dr. Mark Hall James Olson
 Dr. Ruth Leavitt Kate Reid
 Karen Anson Paula Kelly
 Jackson George Mitchell
 Major Mancheck Ramon Bieri
 Dr. Robertson Kermit Murdock
 Grimes Richard O'Brien
 General Sparks Peter Hobbs
 Senator from Vermont Eric Christmas

God love Robert Wise. And all the other creative people involved in *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN*. They have given us the film of Michael Crichton's novel we all hoped for --a trim, fast, suspenseful, just plain superb thriller, completely absorbing in its unfoldment and totally convincing in its technology. It's perhaps the most thoroughly satisfying cinematic adaptation of a bestseller since *ROSEMARY'S BABY*.

As readers of the book know, the story details the attempts of a team of scientists at Project Wildfire, an underground installation in Nevada, to combat an alien micro-organism brought to earth by satellite. This incredibly lethal germ which has already wiped out the population of Piedmont, New Mexico, the small desert town where the satellite fell, deals out a particularly bizarre death by clotting a victim's entire blood supply on contact. Plucked from their civilian jobs and whisked to the Wildfire site, the team tries to discover the nature of their enemy and why an infant and middle-aged alcoholic with an ulcer survived the Piedmont tragedy. Meanwhile, there is the always present risk that contamination to the outside world will cause the automatic activation of Wildfire's nuclear self-destruct device.

While all this can be enjoyed as a supremely entertaining thriller, a number of undercurrents can be detected, never insisted upon but there to be seen all the same. As in the book, there are nasty hints that the satellite that brought Andromeda here was part of a program designed to find new biological warfare weapons, that Wildfire, ostensibly built to isolate any harmful bac-



teria unintentionally brought back from space, was financed by the government for this same reason, unknown to even those scientists picked to staff the project should a Wildfire alert be called.

Another strong undertone is the depersonalization of man in a technological environment. Although treated with certain lightness, there is a vaguely frightening quality about the sequences of Arthur Hill, James Olsen, David Wayne, and Kate Reid, the four members of the Wildfire team, enduring the 16 hours of computer supervised decontamination procedures before being admitted to the fifth and lowest level of the lab.

Nevertheless, as one of the few recent films to actually qualify for the label of "science fiction thriller," it is as such that the film fully engages the audience. It is a genuine pleasure to see a talented veteran like Wise use the resources of studio facilities and modern film technique with taste, intelligence, and a vigorous imagination. Working from Nelson Gidding's tight and involving script, he has retained Crichton's near documentary approach. The decision to people the film with actors rather than stars was a right one; the "lived in" faces of the cast add considerably to the film's aura of reality. Hill's cool efficiency is a neat contrast to the warm humanity of Olson and Wayne and the ascerbic wit of Miss Reid. Hill's own particular brand of cool is exemplified when, trying to comfort a distraught David Wayne sealed in a lab supposedly contaminated by the strain, he tells him over the p. a., "We're working on some ideas, Charlie." You just have to appreciate a line

like that.

The grim realities of the strain's effect are not glossed over but neither are they sensationalized. The Piedmont scenes have a quiet horror all their own while there is a scene in the lab of a Rhesus monkey being exposed to and felled by the strain that is absolutely chilling. (A title reassures us that such scenes were filmed under the supervision of the Humane Society.)

Directing with an admirable visual sense and an easy authority, Wise keeps the story building without letup to a conclusion that has the audience in a gloriously tense state. The film abounds with clever little touches right up to the slyly humorous end title.

Ultimately a film of this type is going to rise or fall on its physical production values. Wise has mounted an impeccable production, looking every bit of its six million-plus budget. Actual scientific hardware is combined with Boris Levin's superb sets and Douglas Trumbull's computer graphics to create the Wildfire project with an astonishing sense of authenticity. Trumbull, who was deeply involved in the special effects for *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*, has provided all manner of computer-animated data readouts, project floor plans, and one amazing sequence showing the growth of the strain. Richard Kline's sharp and fluid photography encompasses everything from helicopter photography to microphotography to an effectively spare use of split screen. And the adroit electronic score of Gil Melle perfectly unifies and complements this fine, richly textured production.

This is definitely one to see and enjoy.

Mark Stevens

LEFT: James Olsen and Paula Kelly care for one of two human beings resistant to the effects of the Andromeda strain.

MIDDLE: James Olson undergoes a grueling 16 hour decontamination procedure before being admitted to the super-sterile lower level of the Wildfire lab.

RIGHT: From left to right, Kate Reid and David Wayne meet their colleagues, James Olson and Arthur Hill at the entrance corridor of the five-level Wildfire base.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH A Warner Brothers Film. 1/71. In Technicolor. 96 minutes. A Hammer Film Production. Produced by Aida Young. Directed by Val Guest. Screenplay by Val Guest from a treatment by J. B. Ballard. Director of photography, Dick Bush. Art director, John Blezard. Editor, Peter Curran. Special effects by Allan Bryce, Roger Dicken and Brian Johncock. Sound recordist, Kevin Sutton. Special visual effects by Jim Danforth. Music and special musical effects by Mario Nascimbene. Musical supervisor, Philip Martell. Production manager, Chris Sutton. Costume designer, Carl Toms. 2nd unit camera, Johnny Cabera. 2nd unit continuity, Susana Merry. Makeup supervisor, Richard Mills. Hairdressing supervisor, Joyce James. Wardrobe master, Brian Owen-Smith. Assistant director, John Stoneman.

Sanna	Victoria Vetri
Tara	Robin Hawdon
Kingsor	Patrick Allen
Khaku	Drewe Henley
Kane	Sean Caffrey
Ulido	Magda Konopka
Ayak	Imogen Hassall
Ammon	Patrick Holt
Rock Girl	Jan Rossini
Yanni	Carol-Anne Hawkins
Omah	Maria O'Brien
Sand Mother	Connie Tilton
Rock Mother	Maggie Lynton
Fisherman	Jimmy Lodge
Hunter	Billy Cornelius
Hunter	Ray Ford

Above: The opening scene of reptile masked cavemen, swinging huge bolas over the heads of three golden-haired sacrificial virgins as the blazing sun peeks over the far horizon, is wonderfully evocative of our whole store of misconceptions and stereotypes concerning the existence of our prehistoric ancestors.





I had made up my mind before seeing *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH* that director Val Guest could make something of the "dinosaur film," if anyone could. Guest is one of the most remarkable and overlooked of British directors, who has turned out many minor masterpieces in the genre by, what appears, sheer dint of willpower and determination, and a sure feel for the fantastic.

My reaction upon viewing the film was mixed; elation for its being the finest film of its type, to date; and disappointment, for its being still quite worthless. After much deep thinking, I have managed to quell my disappointment. One must take into account the possibilities inherent in the theme, that is, there are little or no possibilities to begin with, and what there are, were already fully explored in the very first film of this type, *THE LOST WORLD*, back in 1925. Guest, here, has achieved a high degree of refinement, but to expect anything more is really unrealistic and unfair.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH is the first of its sub-genre to achieve the look and feel of the epic. Guest's direction and Dick Bush's rich color photography create a textured elegance that is sweepingly majestic, and which subsequently pales the interior dimensions of the film's content. The opening scene of reptile enmasked cavemen, swinging huge bolas over the heads of three golden-haired sacrificial virgins as the blazing sun peeks over the far horizon, is wonderfully evocative of our whole store of misconceptions and stereotypes concerning the existence of our prehistoric ancestors. Whereas *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.* made a half-hearted attempt at realism based upon these same misconceptions, *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH* plays upon them, extends and adds to them, until they are almost satisfying in their absurdity. Guest's obvious philosophy in doing the film is that nothing is too fantastic or far out, and so in addition to the usual trappings he sets his tale in a time before the formation of the moon (scientists would date that at about the same time dinosaurs coexisted with mankind, that is, never) and to end his film in true epic form, concludes with our satellite's formation from a pre-existing gaseous cloud, a truly beautiful scene, albeit nothing but painted matte work.

Working hand in hand with Guest's epic intentions, and playing no small part in their success, is the awe-inspiring score of Mario Nascimbene. His work for *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.*, in a similar style, is one of the few good reasons, other than the fine special effects of Ray Harryhausen, for reviewing that film, as I have done, several times. His score for *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH* is constructed around a simple four note refrain which is majestically sung in chorus, and then repeated throughout on woodwinds and other instruments. His percussive musical effects greatly enhance the excitement of the animation sequences. Nascimbene is, sadly, one of the most unjustly overlooked talents working in film music. I don't believe any of his scores, outside of *THE VIKINGS*, are available on record, and he has done some truly outstanding work in the genre, particularly a fine macabre score for *DR. FAUSTUS*.

I have purposefully delayed discussing

Below: A mother dinosaur finds Victoria Vetri, mistaking her for one of her own.

special effects up till now, to raise the ire of some of you who expected that special effects would be discussed first and foremost. Be sure of one point; whatever success *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH* achieves as film is due to Val Guest and not to the work of Jim Danforth, and what Guest does achieve is done against the stubborn resistance of a formula that has defeated many a screenwriter and director. Animation films, outside of a very select few, are bad cinema; take away their effects and you have absolutely nothing of worth remaining. It is a simple case of the tail wagging the dog; a film should not be made to fit the effects, the effects should be made to fit a film, and only when they are integrally necessary. But animation films are built around their effects; before the story is known, before the screenplay is written, the effects sequences are decided upon, and if some producer or studio buys it, then the rest will come later. This is hardly filmmaking.

Despite all this disparaging talk about special effects they are this film's *raison d'être*, and while Guest's direction does manage to attain some feeble autonomy from them, they are the film's most outstanding achievement. Effects technician Jim Danforth proves himself equal to Ray Harryhausen in every respect save one, and that is that his models do not appear to be as well constructed or as finely detailed. Danforth does a particularly excellent job of combining the live action with the animation. Usually the interaction between an actor and animation model is broadly defined, however in this film Danforth continually employs very specific interactions which involve much more time and effort in their design and execution. He uses a number of giant crabs which dart about with an alarming speed and devour anyone near at hand. In general, Danforth has given his models something to do, rather than making them just a series of menacing gestures that signify nothing, as is often the case.

The film's unique achievement, however, is in the manner in which the effects scenes are used. In nearly all films of this type the creatures created by animation are intended to be inimical elements, but the Guest screenplay uses them, to a large extent, in a lighter vein than ever before. In a long series of sequences that comprise a greater portion of the film, star Victoria Vetri lives with a baby dinosaur as it grows into adulthood, and trains it as a pet. This comes about in a very amusing scene, when a mother dinosaur finds her sleeping in a broken eggshell and mistakes her for one of her own brood. Much to Danforth's credit he has animated these scenes with a wry sense of humor, and instills in the mother dinosaur and her tiny offspring a personality and sense of character that makes them almost endearing. Indeed, to find examples of animation that are this personable one must go back to masterworks like O'Brien's *KING KONG* and *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH is a minor triumph in its own very narrow field. The animation film has reached a very crucial period in its history; in animation, as a film technique, there is now little room for improvement, and the technique itself has lost much of its novelty with the public. Future animation films will succeed or fail more on the strength of their virtues as film. Judging from the quality of past animation films, it doesn't look as if the genre has much of a future.

Frederick S. Clarke



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

...it came and went like a Victorian valentine... This is one of the few truly romantic fantasies of all time.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES A United Artists Picture. 12/70. In Panavision and Color by DeLuxe. 125 minutes. Produced and directed by Billy Wilder. Associate producer, I. A. L. Diamond. Screenplay by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond. Music score by Miklos Rozsa. Ballet advisor and dances arranged by David Blair. Concerto for Violin and Orchestra Opus 24 by Miklos Rozsa. Director of photography, Christopher Challis. Production designer, Alexander Trauner. Art director, Tony Inglis. Costume designer, Julie Harris. Set decoration by Harry Cordwell. Film editor, Ernest Walter. Sound by J. W. N. Daniel, Dudley Messenger, and Gordon K. McCallum. Make-up, Ernest Gasser. Special effects by Wally Veevers and Cliff Richardson. A Mirisch Films Presentation. A Phalanx Production.

Sherlock Holmes Robert Stephens
Dr. John H. Watson Colin Blakely
Mrs. Hudson Irene Handl
1st Gravedigger Stanley Holloway
Mycroft Holmes Christopher Lee
Gabrielle Valladon Genevieve Page
Rogozhin Clive Revill
Petrova Tamara Toumanova
Inspector Lestrade George Benson
Old Lady Catherine Lacey
Queen Victoria Mollie Maureen
Von Tirpitz Peter Madden

Billy Wilder spent three years and about \$10 million on this love letter to Conan Doyle's steadfast hero of detective fiction, and the resultant boxoffice fiasco can be attributed mainly to the dynamic change in audience taste and sophistication. The lavish attention paid to films like *EASY RIDER*, *MIDNIGHT COWBOY*, and *FIVE EASY PIECES*, and even to old-fashioned diversions like *BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID*, *AIRPORT*, and *LOVE STORY*, is also the result of clever pre-conditioning in promotion and advertising that the studios manipulated with almost faultless ingenuity.

But *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* had none of the fancy studio dressing, and it came and went like a Victorian valentine. This was the best American film among the 216 I viewed in 1970. With all its graceful charm, airy simplicity, austere devotion, and colorful detail, it's pitiful that too few people have had the pleasure to see Wilder's faithful, elaborate tribute to Sherlock Holmes.

Hardened devotees of Doyle's works have obviously disliked the film because of its lack of superficiality, complex intricacy of plot framework, and ambiguity of characterization. If Wilder wished to be more faithful to Doyle's personality than to his own, the result would certainly have been too diffuse and impersonal to sustain the lightness of the material. Wilder is faithful to the charm, intrigue, and gimmicky contrivance of Doyle, if not to the overall intellectual spirit.

The film does not rely on suspenseful cinematics to carry the multi-story plot, and neither does it need to. The smooth, untroubled movement of the narrative probably upsets Doyle's followers, but first one must realize that film is primarily the director's creation, that is if one is willing to penetrate beyond superficial literary considerations.

Wilder's film is divided into two parts. The first is a little scandalous story of a 49-year-old ballerina who wishes to foster a child from the great detective, to insure a son of incomparable brilliance. To get out of the compromising situation, Holmes invents a story about his more-than-casual in-

terest in Dr. Watson. Of course, Watson finds out about the lie and why it was told, and he realizes something must be done to stop any rumors that might spread around England. Watson then begins to wonder about Holmes' attitude towards women, and the possibility of finding a suitable one to end any public doubts concerning their dubious sexuality.

The second part concerns a very attractive young French woman who comes to England to search for her missing husband, with the help of Holmes and Watson. It is here that an ingenious parade of gimmicks are employed, including a signalling parasol, a non-existent firm called Jonah, Trappist monks, dead canaries that have turned white, a green wedding-ring, a group of midgets, and the Loch Ness monster. That it all slowly, cleverly ties together logically and coherently is not nearly as amazing as the manner in which Wilder, and co-writer I. A. L. Diamond, have infused the events with a subtle feeling for Victorian temper and atmosphere.

It is not just Christopher Challis' stunning, soft-lighted cinematography, or Alexander Trauner's extremely imaginative production designing, or Miklos Rozsa's charmingly old-fashioned music score that fulfills the Victorian sensibility permeating the film. It is Wilder's interweaving of all these technical elements, the simplicity and austerity with which he utilizes them, and the capturing of that elusive something that is at the inexplicable heart of his personality. It can be called soul, charisma, warmth, tenderness, or affection, but it is inescapably the work of a compassionate, encompassing artistic influence that no amount of plot contrivance can overcome.

The multitude of facets in *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, and the richness of their texture, is the primary reason for its endearing, memorable qualities. Part of this can be attributed to the performances of Robert Stephens and Colin Blakely as Holmes and Watson, respectively. They are much more than archetypes or infectious characterizations, but intriguing expressions of timeless sexual frustrations and identity conflicts.

This is no satire of Holmes and the whole detective genre, neither is it an outrageous showing-up of the false infallibility of public heroes as some ignorant critics have expounded. There are some witty comments on Watson's embellishments in his writings of Holmes' persona and adventures, but these are necessary to point out the Doctor's conventional, misanthropic romanticism for his dead friend, and not satire.

This is basically an affectionate look into an era and a man who personified its dignity.

and humanity beneath the exterior shell of virtuous morality around himself and the people he came in contact with.

Whether Holmes was real or not is unimportant. His sexual attitudes are also never entirely explained, or committed to any one side, but that also is unimportant. The importance is in wanting to believe in something, in the humanity that must be revealed and understood by the individual so that one can believe in something. But there are unexplained motives behind everything, human relationships most of all.

This is one of the few truly romantic fantasies of all time, and one of the fewer genuinely moving films of its kind. The obvious romanticism of such fine works of the genre as *PORTRAIT OF JENNIE*, *STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN*, and *LOST HORIZON* are overshadowed by the profound subtlety deeply inherent in *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*.

Qualifying this as a fantasy film is difficult because, though it is a major facet, there are many levels which the film aspires to and succeeds on. Fantasy is inherent throughout the film however, especially in the use of mood lighting which Wilder uses sparingly and appropriately. It is not until the climax that one sees the genuinely fantastic in the film, and it's too ingenious to reveal.

Wilder does not like the film, mainly because the *raison d'être* is gone. That is, about 65 minutes of footage was edited out by Wilder so as not to impede the plot's progress. This hour of film was a series of unrelated incidents that provided a major bulk of his tribute to the Baker Street detective. As it stands now, the film runs 125 minutes, and there is enough affection displayed for Holmes to justify making the film for that reason. If Wilder did have the audacity to allow it to run about 190 minutes all told, the cinema would have another David Lean on its hands. Thankfully, he is not that pretentious or self indulgent. Significantly, Wilder is not so conceited as to lose sight of his audience's sensibility, as well as his own.

Dale Winogura

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture. 3/71. In Metrocolor. 90 minutes. Produced by Chuck Jones, Abe Levitow and Les Goldman. Directed by Chuck Jones and Abe Levitow. Live action directed by David Monahan. Screenplay by Chuck Jones and Sam Rosen based on the book by Norman Juster. Director of photography, Lester Shorr. Music by Dean Elliott. Songs by Norman Gimbel, Paul Vance, and Lee Fockriss. Production designer, Maurice Noble. Supervising animators, Ben Washam, Hal Ambro and George Nicholas. Animation, Irven Spence, Bill Littlejohn, Alan Zaslove, Richard Thompson, Ed Aardal, Tom Ray, Ed Dematta. Phillip Roman, Xenia, Carl Bell and Lloyd Vaughan. Director of animation photography, Jack Stevens. Layout, Tony Rivera, Rosemary O'Connor, Don Morgan, Corny Cole, Oscar Defau and Phyllis Graham. Backgrounds, Philip DeGuard, Irving Weiner and Robert McIntosh. Art direction live action, George W. Davis and Charles Hagedon. Assistant director, Charles Bonniwell Jr. Film editor, Jim Farris.

Cast: Butch Patrick. The voices of: Mel Blanc, Daws Butler, Candy Candido, Hans Conried, June Foray, Patti Gilbert, Shep Menken, Cliff Norton, Larry Thor and Les Tremayne.

Even though the animation feature has gained prestige from the professional finesse of Disney studios, Chuck Jones and Abe Levitow have made a pleasantly naive, dazzlingly colorful film that adults should enjoy as much as their children, and maybe even more so.

While there is little of the light, endearing sentimentality and stylish charm of, say, Disney's *SLEEPING BEAUTY* and *BAMBI*, *THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH* sees a sophistication in children's story characterization and development unusual in a cartoon feature and a delightful change of pace as well.

The adventures of a young boy in an allegorical-fantasy land of letters, numbers, music, and sound, is faintly tinged with elements of *ALICE IN WONDERLAND* and *THE WIZARD OF OZ*. Unlike its predecessors, the Jones-Levitow film takes a more conscientiously social-message format that works uncommonly well. The obvious symbolism is delivered with a quaintly casual feeling in the use of color and composition and, even when it appears to be sledge-hammered, it is never annoying or pretentious.

The film's beginning is a charming, live-action depiction of childhood melancholy that quickly segues into animation when a toll gate flies into the boy's (Butch Patrick) room, and he enters a mysterious world via a miniature automobile. In his imaginary excursions, he gradually learns about the joy of being alive, and the fun in learning about it. It's a gratifying notion, and its makers fulfill it with frequent bursts of creative imagination and gracefully sugar-coated symbols.

There is an uneven texture to the film though that apparently is the result of two, diverse directorial personalities. Chuck Jones has all the wit, timing, and feeling of the animated film that Abe Levitow strains so frantically for. Jones uses with ease the technique that made his *Bugs Bunny*, *Roadrunner*, and my favorite, *Foghorn Leghorn*, such ingeniously handled, classic displays of character and outrageous comedy situations. But Levitow displays little of Jones' taste, creativity, and style, and the film falls down whenever his heavy hand becomes apparent. Mainly composing in long shots, Levitow moves the action constantly from left to right or up and down, and the result is visual monotony.

It is Jones' film and, even though Levitow's work weakens the structure of the entire film, there are enough of his splendid touches to more than compensate for the faults and to make it a first-rate piece of animation.

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH is not as consistent in visual beauty and wit as *YELLOW SUBMARINE*, but it is decidedly better than the nice, but bland, *THE ARISTOCATS*. The music is not as clever or memorable as in the Disney film, but it is pleasant enough to be passively enjoyable. The MGM release has been badly handled by the studio and has been shown mainly in limited screenings, which is a shame for a film as good as this one.

Dale Winogura

THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH: The two-faced Hypocrit, foiled by numbers and words in Chuck Jones' educational animated feature.



BREWSTER McCLOUD

...evocative of the narrow-minded attitude of a vain, corrupt social temper.

After *MASH*, it was inevitable that director Robert Altman would be blasted for a more honest, devastating, and personal film as *BREWSTER McCLOUD*. Unlike his bloody and savage anti-war insanity, here Altman doesn't fall back on sentimentality or audience-pleasing gimmickry to make his points.

BREWSTER McCLOUD is superior to *MASH* in every single respect. His visual sense is more assured, exacting, and just plain beautiful; the flow of ideas and story is steadier and less hectic; and the broad, outrageous fantasy is less imposed and more natural in context with the supposed sanity surrounding it. Even sanity itself is explored in considerable, ambiguous depth as compared with *MASH*.

BREWSTER McCLOUD is also more fantastic in concept which might account for the generally diverse critical reception. When one realizes that the film deals with a young man whose dream is to build wings and fly away from everything, and that his assistance and protection is from a beautiful guardian angel whose pet raven drops deadly waste matter on unknowing, deserving victims, it's no wonder critics can't view it with a straight face.

But, with all its insane plot fabrications, it's a very sane, serious film like *MASH*, but even more so. Altman is intensely serious with the subject matter, evidenced by the almost total absence of lunacy for its own sake. Even Rene Auberjonois' running commentary on birds and their relationship to humans makes a definite, serious statement in spite of the extreme satiric nature of his lecture. What looks or sounds funny isn't funny at all, as in the brilliant *DR. STRANGELOVE*, but is evocative of the narrow-minded attitude of a vain, corrupt social temper.

Doran William Cannon's script molds together elements of fantasy, social comment, parody, light humor, and strong indictments of contemporary morality with unusual fluidity, but it is Altman who lends the strength and vision that makes it a moving, even angry, statement of timeless significance. Unlike *MASH*, we are allowed, not forced, to see into ourselves and others. The unconscious impulses that drive one to do the things that one does in spite of hypocrisy and antagonism from society, and the destruction of those dreams by falsely masked truth and civilization, has rarely been portrayed with such astonishingly direct, and contrastingly intrinsic, impact.

The performances in *BREWSTER McCLOUD* do not strain for character significance as in *MASH*, but easily, perfectly enhance Altman's dire, relentless criticism of humanity. Bud Cort, especially, enacts Brewster with a natural, unimposing innocence that becomes all the more crushing when it's taken from him.

BREWSTER McCLOUD is a near-master-piece of satiric savagery that might not make it financially because of its uncompromising nature, but it should develop a cult status that will keep it in circulation through the coming years.

Dale Winogura

BREWSTER McCLOUD A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture. 12/70. In Panavision and Metrocolor. 104 minutes. Produced and directed by Robert Altman and Lou Adler. Associate producers, Robert Eggenweiler and James Margellos. Written by Doran William Cannon. Directors of photography, Lamar Boren and Jordan Cronenweth. Second unit photography, Don McClendon. Sound, Harry W. Tetric and William McCaughey. Art directors, George W. Davis and Preston Ames. Assistant director, Tommy Thompson. Music scored and conducted by Gene Page. Film editor and second unit director, Louis Lombardo. Wings designed by Leon Erickson.

Brewster McCCloud Bud Cort
Louise Sally Kellerman
Frank Shaft Michael Murphy
Haskell Weeks William Windom
Suzanne Shelley Duvall
The Lecturer Rene Auberjonois
Abraham Wright Stacy Keach
Alvin Johnson John Schuck
Daphne Heap Margaret Hamilton
Hope McFarland Jennifer Salt
Lt. Hines Corey Fischer
Capt. Crandall G. Wood
Douglas Breen Bert Remsen
Mrs. Breen Angelin Johnson
Bernard William Baldwin
Band Conductor William Henry Bennet

BREWSTER McCLOUD: Brewster (Bud Cort) like Icarus has flown too high (top). Brewster lovingly deposits Abraham Wright (Stacy Keach) on the grass (middle). Louise (Sally Kellerman) visits Brewster in his hidden bomb shelter apartment in one last attempt to discourage his affair with Suzanne (bottom).



BREWSTER AGAIN

Robert Altman's *BREWSTER McCLOUD* takes over the battlements of insanity once manned by people like the Marx brothers. You know, logic be damned, let's have a good time. One gets the idea that if the script had been filmed by a director without Altman's own peculiar cracked sense of hu-

more the film would have been an utter disaster.

The story itself is a strange, ephemeral thing about a young loner (Bud Cort) who yearns to fly like a bird with his own home-made wings in the Houston Astrodome. Why in the Astrodome? You may well ask. If you're going to find questions like that bothersome then this is not the film for you.

McCloud is protected by an enigmatic fairy godmother in a trenchcoat (Sally Kellerman) whose back bears scars that indicate she may have once had wings, and who may or may not be strangling those who pose a threat to the young birdman. There is a prissy glamour cop (a hilarious parody of BULLITT) who arrives in Houston with a suitcase full of turtleneck sweaters with matching shoulder holsters, ready to solve the mysterious murders. There is a third Wright brother who runs a string of old age homes from his wheelchair. There are several insane members of the local police, arguing over their various territorial imperatives. There is also an ornithological lecturer who keeps popping up to comment on the different characters in avian terms, himself becoming more birdlike as the film progresses.

Two issues ago, in a review of *CATCH-22*, I made a statement to the effect that the success of *MASH* was due more to the writing and acting than the directing or photography. In retrospect that seems like a rather stupid remark. Surely Altman's direction was very much responsible for the spontaneous style of acting and use of overlapping dialogue and the successful creation of the *MASH* *mise en scène*. Altman has made *BREWSTER McLOUD* a more cinematic type of comedy, achieving what Variety has rightly described as live action equivalent of the humor in *Roadrunner* cartoons. He manages to keep little bits of business going on in every corner of the picture. Brewster's fantasies of flight are beautifully photographed with a wonderfully free and airy quality.

There are many scenes and situations with a nuttiness one can't adequately describe: Jennifer Salt's one woman sex orgies; the burial service of a cruel and crooked narc amid multi-colored umbrellas in the rain with the widow hardly containing her joy and the son taking pictures with his brownie; and the parody of the *BULLITT* car chase. The hand of *MASH*'s director is most evident in the scene where Shelly Duval, having thrown up at the sight of a dead body, immediately turns to her boy friend and says, "Kiss me--I'm frightened," and does just that. Miss Duval, by the way, has got to be the most bizarre example of American girlhood ever to seduce a movie hero.

Working with many of the people who inhabited *MASH*, Altman has once again gotten fine ensemble playing out of his cast. Michael Murphy is especially good as "Lt. Frank Shaft," the super cop. John Schuck, the dentist worried about his virility in *MASH*, is also very good as the local cop assigned as Murphy's assistant. The weakest link is the part of Brewster himself. As played by Cort, he remains pretty much of a cipher, intentionally, no doubt.

Somewhere among all these crazy people and situations there probably lurks a statement about freedom and/or the dangers of being different, but that is for the auteurs to dig out. The film is fun to watch and Altman unloads on society with such malevolent glee that you couldn't care less what it's all working towards.

Mark Stevens



ALEX IN WONDERLAND: A third-stage smog alert has turned Los Angeles International Airport into a disaster area in a fantasy sequence wherein Alex (Donald Sutherland) and Beth (Ellen Burstyn), coughing and suffocating, run past dead bodies.

ALEX IN WONDERLAND & BREWSTER AGAIN, AGAIN

Several years ago a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, asked about the financial future of Tony Richardson's production of *THE LOVED ONE*, replied, "At this point we don't know whether it will make eight dollars or eight million."

Eventually the film proved too troublesome to actually turn a profit, and MGM could only look with envy at United Artists which had unexpectedly made millions with Richardson's previous feature, the celebrated *TOM JONES*. Since then, in this enlightened era of the director-as-supreme-creator, the idea that past hits seldom insure future successes has been borne out fairly regularly by the sad failures of several studio-sponsored projects directed by talented men who were thought to have the elusive Midas Touch.

Thus Leo the Lion had good cause to weep when the paying customers studiously avoided Roman Polanski's *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*, Robert Aldrich's *THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE*, and Antonioni's *ZABRISKIE POINT*. This, of course, is purely box-office barometer talk, and it has little to do with the artistic merits of the films involved, for, when all the economic matters are put aside, we would still prefer the interior dimensions of the unappreciated *ZABRISKIE POINT* to the outward cheerfulness of the much-moneyed *SOUND OF MUSIC*.

Still, a financial failure hurts a director's chances of finding the funds he needs for his next picture, and if more than one film of a certain stripe (e.g. the recent, generally dismal run of youth-oriented movies) flops then the whole genre may be written off, for a time, as box-office poison.

Currently the fantasy film has suffered a setback, of sorts, by the poor grosses of two impressively mounted Metro features--Robert Altman's *BREWSTER McLOUD* and Paul Mazursky's *ALEX IN WONDERLAND*--which were ambitious brainchildren of two

ALEX IN WONDERLAND A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture. 1/71. In Metrocolor. 109 minutes. Produced by Larry Tucker. Directed by Paul Mazursky. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Associate producer, Anthony Ray. Original music composed and conducted by Tom O'Horgan. Director of photography, Laszlo Kovacs. Production designer, Pato Guzman. Film editor Stuart H. Pappe. Camera operator, Bob Byrne. Sound, Jerry Jost and Hal Watkins. Music editor, William J. Saracino. Choreography by Paula Kelly. Unit production manager, John G. Wilson. Assistant director, Anthony Ray. Set decoration, Audrey Blaisdel. Make-up, John G. Holden. Hair-styles, Lola M. Kemp. Costumes by Moss Mabry.

Alex	Donald Sutherland
Beth	Ellen Burstyn
Amy	Meg Mazursky
Nancy	Glenna Sergent
Mother	Viola Spolin
Andre	Andre Philippe
Leo	Michael Lerner
Jane	Joan Delaney
Norman	Neil Burstyn
Lewis	Leon Frederick
Marlene	Carol O'Leary
Hal Stern	Paul Mazursky
Federico Fellini	Federico Fellini
Jeanne Moreau	Jeanne Moreau

directors fresh from monumental triumphs.

Altman had struck paydirt with *MASH*, though ironically, Richard Zanuck, the chief of the Fox studio, has admitted he would have never allowed Altman to do the film if he had known the director was previously responsible for a disaster known as *THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK*. And Paul Mazursky, with his close collaborator Larry Tucker, had furnished Columbia with a substantial hit in *BOB AND CAROL AND TED AND ALICE*.

Of the two new releases, Altman's *BREWSTER McCLOUD* is the more successful from both the fantasy and satirical viewpoints. Its story tells of a youthful innocent (nicely caricatured by Bud Cort) who lives in the bowels of the cavernous Houston Astrodome where he secretly constructs a pair of man-made wings which, when operational, will free him from earthly strife, and in the director's hands, this flight-o-fancy contains the insane good-humor of a *MAD* Magazine primer for those who actively dislike the Establishment but cannot bring themselves to do anything more than pay lipser-

In fact, this film which Altman describes as "a contemporary cartoon essay," is a thing of bits and pieces, with some hitting the bull's-eye squarely, and others, such as a heavy-handed one-girl orgy, temporarily deflating the film's rarefied zaniness. But once the viewer senses this picture will lack the marvelous cohesion which held the episodic *MASH* together, *BREWSTER McCLOUD* can be appreciated, and possibly treasured, more for the things it wants to accomplish than for what it actually does accomplish.

We were especially grateful for the privileged moment when Altman shows what the earthbound Brewster is shooting for: a hint of heaven in the big, beautiful blue yonder. And there are excellent bits by Stacy Keach, as the third, tight-fisted Wright brother; John Schuck, as a loveable dumb cop with a fondness for comic books, and newcomer Shelley Duvall, as the wide-eyed girl guide who inadvertently destroys Brewster by introducing him to the corruptions of sex. The soundtrack also offers unexpected pleasures, from the opening tune by a comer billed as

everyone congratulates him. Immediately his troubles begin. What will his next project be?

In the film's best moments, Alex attempts to find his project by visiting a grotesquely hip producer (superbly done by Mazursky) who suggests a *NOW* version of Huck Finn with Twain's hero as a revolutionary ("Imagine this white boy and this black man coming down the river... America is the shore... racism, fascism, police brutality...") or possibly a love story ("The girl is white, having a heart transplant, and the doctor is black... very, very heavy.")

Alex, of course, is appalled, and finding little comfort in the suggestions of his loving family and amiable friends ("He's happy and sad like everybody--why can't that be a movie?"), he begins to slip into a fantasy world which looks very much like a hip Hollywood version of *8 1/2* complete including some Nino Rota memorable circus music and the phantom clowns and clerics from Fellini's *past*.

In an episode which, we suspect, is meant to be taken as fact, Alex accidentally meets

The fantasy, like all borrowed dreams, has a forced, second-hand look to it...



ALEX IN WONDERLAND: The Fellini circus has come to town in Alex's imagination. Alex (Donald Sutherland), in his nightgown, is in the middle of it. (John Rico in distance, as Fellini)

vice to the country's ills.

Since Brewster's purity is constantly threatened by all sorts of familiar American villains, from crooked policemen to right-wing, money-grubbing fanatics, the Gods send him a guardian angel in the person of a trenchcoat-wearing blonde called Louise (Sally Kellerman, who suggests a stunning maternal sexiness in the role), and she is accompanied by her pet crow, who has the nasty habit of excreting on the people who would harm Brewster and thereafter each is marked for a mysterious death.

Bird symbolism is very important to the antics of Brewster and Company, and for fear we miss the point, there is a special lecturer (Rene Auberjonois) on hand who emphasizes man's relationship to his feathered friends, and as an added fillip, this lecturer slowly evolves into a bird. There are also extended segments devoted to a spoof of the Steve McQueen character in *BULLITT*, the tight-lipped cop who has a peacock-flair for fashion, but Michael Murphy's inability to actually ape McQueen limits the success of this episode.

"F. Scott Key" to such musical madness as "The Last of the Unnatural Acts."

At fadeout, Altman allows the winged Brewster to be destroyed, after a marvelous in-door flight, and then, Fellini-fashion, the cast reappears in sideshow garb to illustrate the tired premise that all-the-world's-a-circus, but it is to the director's credit that in the midst of a borrowed idea he can still preserve a perverse originality. When it comes time to introduce Cort-as-Brewster, the poor lad still lies crumpled in the center of the Astrodome ring.

The Fellini influence, to a greater degree, can also be discerned in Paul Mazursky's *ALEX IN WONDERLAND*, a far-out film which pays homage to the famed Italian filmmaker while attempting to illustrate the new ambiance of Southern California in terms of hippiesque directors, nutty nostalgia, Social Problems, drug tripping and much soul searching.

The title character, played with gloomy sincerity by Donald Sutherland in shoulder-length hair, is a Hollywood director with one potential hit to his credit. Immediately ev-

the great Fellini, who is polite but to the point ("Please, I am editing a film now and cannot be bothered."), and in a *halfway* charming fantasy sequence our hero bumps into Jeanne Moreau on a Hollywood street and they drift off into a Truffaut-inspired world.

The fantasy, like all borrowed dreams, has a forced, second-hand look to it, and both Mazursky and his co-scripter, Tucker, seem to be on firmer ground when they allow Alex and his practical wife to discuss their see-saw existence in the light of his new success. There is an air of impoverished truth in these encounters, and Ellen Burstyn brings a fresh, commendable intensity to the role of the perplexed frau.

In the final soliloquy, Alex asks himself, "Whatever happened to the good old movies?" And possibly the financial failure of both *BREWSTER McCLOUD* and *ALEX IN WONDERLAND* (while conventional movies like *LOVE STORY* and *AIRPORT* thrive) suggests that more than one moviegoer is asking the same question.

Robert L. Jerome

SHORT NOTICES

JULIUS CAESAR An American International Release. 9/70. 117 minutes. In Panavision and Technicolor. Produced by Peter Snell. Directed by Stuart Burge. With: Charlton Heston, Jason Robards and John Gielgud.

Peter Snell's **JULIUS CAESAR** has it all over the 1955 MGM version in its production values and in its staging of the play as film. It opens with a morose panorama of the desolate battle field after Pompey's defeat by Caesar, the camera lingering upon a molding skull, and the direction of Stuart Burge continues to retain this fresh and original perspective throughout. There are a few missaged scenes, notably Caesar's far too bloody demise. (Burge should have listened better to Brutus who said: "Let us carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not as a carcass fit for hounds," however it is easy to understand his inattentiveness to Jason Robards in this role. Robards is a fine actor, as evidenced by his performance in Eugene O'Neill's **A LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT** and more recently in Sergio Leone's **ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST**, but his understated style of acting ill-fits the part of Brutus. He is so understated in the role, in fact, that it quite seriously looks like the most casual of dress rehearsals. Despite some very well done work by the other performers, notably Gielgud as Caesar (who made a smashing Cassius in the earlier film), Robert Vaughn as Casca, and Dianna Rigg as Portia, this **JULIUS CAESAR** cannot survive so lackluster a Brutus as Robards, and one soon finds his mind wandering back to the old MGM film and James Mason's ennobling performance in the same role. Christopher Lee, although receiving "featured billing" (he must have some agent), has a brief and almost embarrassingly hurried walk-on as Artemidorus, the citizen who waits on the steps of the capitol to warn Caesar of his impending assassination. Michael Gough has a better part, though none of the prestige, and does well as Metellus Cimber, the conspiritor who beseeches Caesar to pardon his banished brother.

Frederick S. Clarke

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD A Cinerama Release. 3/71. In Eastmancolor. 101 minutes. An Amicus (English) Production. Directed by Peter Duffell. With: Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Ingrid Pitt, Nyree Dawn Porter and Denholm Elliott.

The borders of **THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD** meet an early demise, but the viewer will not die of boredom. While Robert Bloch is a master craftsman, two of the stories in his macabre screenplay are routine with somewhat predictable conclusions. In "Waxworks," Cushing unlocks the mystery of a wax museum and literally loses his head. The waxen image of his head is a skillfully created likeness. "Sweets to the Sweet" has Lee caught in the clutches of his daughter who needles him to death with a voodoo doll. This is a good premise but it falls flat. One wishes there were more films about evil kids with unknown powers such as **CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED**. Interestingly, "Method for Murder" involves a horror story writer, while "Cloak" covers a horror film actor. The former is mundane, saved



Christopher Lee as Artemidorus in **JULIUS CAESAR**.

only by its twisted conclusion. The latter is one of the most original and funny bits of film farce seen on the screen in a long time. Jon Pertwee portrays an aging actor who yearns for the good old days when movies used real castles, not miniature mockups or cardboard sets. Starring in "Curse of the Bloodsuckers" his search for an authentic vampire cape uncovers the real McCoy. The flying scenes and bat changing bits are well handled. Eagle-eyed viewers will notice many inside jokes and references in the flick. The man renting the house is named Stoker, the Haunted Screen and Poe books line the shelves, and a fake cape is appropriately labeled "property of Shepperton Studios."

Philip B. Moshcovitz

GURU, THE MAD MONK A Nova International Release. 3/71. In Color. 62 minutes. A Maipix Organization Production. Directed, written and photographed by Andy Milligan. With: Neil Flanagan and Judy Isreal.
THE BODY BENEATH A Nova International Release. 3/71. In Color. 85 minutes. A Cinemedia Films Production. Directed, written and photographed by Andy Milligan.

With: Gavin Reed and Jackie Skarvelliis.

GURU, THE MAD MONK takes place on an island but the production was filmed in St. Peter's Church in New York City. Father Guru oversees the church and prison on the island of Mortavia. The Mad Monk tortures the prisoners aided by Olga, his mistress (also apparently a vampire) and the hunched back Igor. Motivation for anything is sadly lacking. The acting from everybody concerned is bad. **THE BODY BENEATH**, double-billed with the above, was filmed in 16mm and this helps to destroy the film. Poor photography and color make the production a strain for the viewer. The costumes look as though somebody found them in an old trunk. Most of them seem little more than rags. It appears that the Ford family is a bunch of vampires. The Reverend Ford is the leader and through the use of a fluid can move about during the daylight hours. Most of the story is senseless and confusing, especially the ending. Andy Milligan is a former exploitation producer who, like others in that field, has turned to making and distributing low-budget horror films. Fortunately these films are on the same program -- you can miss them both at the same time.

Dan Scapperotti

THE SCORE

by Mark Stevens

Although a comparative newcomer to the field of film composing, Gil Melle has done some extremely interesting work for the television shows "Night Gallery" and "The Psychiatrist" and the TV movie *MY SWEET CHARLIE*. His most ambitious and prestigious assignment is that for the Robert Wise film of *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN*. The score would more properly be described as a musical use of electronic or synthesized sounds, only occasionally taking on a melodic form. It is in some ways akin to the electronic sounds of last year's *MAROONED* but more deliberate in structure and much more effective. It may strike some as a gimmick but the fact is Melle's unconventional score lends a full measure of support without undermining the documentary flavor Wise has tried to achieve in the film.

Melle backdrops the computer graphics of the main title with a churning vortex of sounds that perfectly sets the tone of the film. The grinding suspense of the final scenes are put across with an almost percussive use of synthesized sound. A certain amount of courage should be acknowledged on the part of Kapp Records in issuing an album on the *ANDROMEDA* score.

Melle has evidently been interested in electronic music and its possibilities for some time. There are light uses of it in the themes for the above mentioned two television shows. He also has a rather interesting album of "electronic jazz" out on the Verve label entitled "Tome VI" which utilizes a standard jazz quartet plus electronic instruments designed and built by Melle.

While Howard Hawk's latest film, *RIO LOBO*, may be a lesser example of his art, the music by Jerry Goldsmith is quite nice indeed. Of all the scores he has done the past year, this one comes closest to being what you would expect Goldsmith to do. I usually go into a film he has scored with his past work in mind, expecting him to handle it a certain way, and he keeps surprising me in such a way that my initial reaction is almost disappointment. But then I love him because he has surprised me and not done what I had expected him to.

Well, he has done pretty much what I'd thought he would do with Hawk's western and it's just fine. A pensive guitar solo under the main title states the main theme with beautiful simplicity. Goldsmith underlines the buildup to a gunfight in a saloon with ominous bass notes from an electric guitar reverberating on the sound track, then tosses off the actual gunplay with three ascending notes of growing urgency. He does some wild things with castanets and what sounds like bottles and a cowbell for the scene of John Wayne, Jennifer O'Neil, and Jorge Riviero surveying the siege of Jack Elam's ranch. As Wayne and Miss O'Neil ride up to the ranch gate in her wagon, Goldsmith gives the main theme its most stirring rendition. Alas, there is no album.

I've been searching for a charitable term for Maurice Jarre's score for *RYAN'S DAUGHTER*, and the only one I can think of is hideous. Utterly failing to establish the proper atmosphere with his bizarre orchestrations, Jarre shows an astonishing insen-

sitivity as to what kind of music to use and where to use it. A blaring march, that goes on much longer than it should, underscores Christopher Jones' arrival at the British garrison. Robert Mitchum's discovery of his wife's infidelity is punctuated with crescendos guaranteed to make one jump in his seat. Scene after scene that calls for the warm, intimate touch is killed by Jarre's thundering symphonics bellowing at the audience in 8 track stereo. A film that carries the burden of some laughably heavy-handed sexual symbolism really needs a sympathetic, artful score.

The music for *THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT* by Richard Halligan and played by Blood, Sweat & Tears is one of the best uses of a pop group for a film score to date. Maybe it's because Halligan and his group are, first and foremost, fine musicians. The score really is a score, fully developed, not just a string of songs put together to get a promotable hit on the charts. The group's characteristic brass and organ work is put to excellent use. Columbia has released a very enjoyable album (S30401) containing the film's comedic highlights and most of the score. Like last year's album for *MASH*, it's advisable to have seen the film in order to fully savor the record.

John Hammond's spare and sparsely orchestrated score for Arthur Penn's *LITTLE BIG MAN* doesn't offer much support to the film. Hammond was probably going for a musical simplicity to match Penn's uncluttered visual style. Nevertheless, with most of the film scored for guitar and harmonica, there is little to engage one's emotions.

Anyone who caught Francis Lai's score for Claude Lelouch's *LOVE IS A FUNNY THING* last year will have a chuckle over his score for *LOVE STORY*. The Lelouch film was about a French film composer who came to the States to score a schmaltzy love story and in it the theme is referred to as "full of fiddles" and is laughed at for being overwrought. For this Lai wrote a sly parody of the typical throbbing love theme and called it "Theme For a Love's Ending." It is a twin brother to the *LOVE STORY* theme which is supposed to be taken seriously. Hardeharhar.

Naturally, *LOVE STORY* fans have taken Lai's theme to their collective hearts; I imagine it will be right up there with all the other mediocre film music that makes a hit with the public while really good film music goes unnoticed. It's too bad that Lai's work for *LIVE FOR LIFE* and *RIDER ON THE RAIN* doesn't attract the people that fawn over the theme for *ROMEO & JULIET* or "Laura's Theme."

Charles Strousse, who did the banjo and fiddle background for *BONNIE & CLYDE*, has attempted to blend traditional western elements and more modern orchestrations for *THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN*. The results are not too successful. The score is a major factor in the film's lack of a consistent tone. The title song as rendered by Trini Lopez is quite good though and available on the Reprise label.

There are some notable omissions from this year's nominees for best song. Of course the Academy has always nominated more out of commercial consideration than real merit. Nevertheless, such songs as "Getting Straight," "Suicide Is Painless" (*MASH*), "Tomorrow Is The Song I Sing" (*BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE*), and especially "The Good Times Are Comin'" (*MONTE WALSH*) are more deserving of being nominated than "Til Love Touches Your Life" (*MADRON*)?????????

NEWS AND NOTES

ALBERT S. D'AGOSTINO - A Tribute

On March 14th, 1970 we lost yet another of Hollywood's gifted film technicians. And it is a sad but true fact that he passed from this earth unnoticed. Albert S. D'Agostino was an art director who created the mood for many of the classic horror, fantasy and science fiction films of Universal and RKO.

D'Agostino was born in New York City on December 27th, 1893, which made him 77 years old when he died. He entered motion pictures as an assistant art director for MGM in New York. For MGM he assisted in many of the Selznick Pictures until sound arrived. When sound films made their mark, D'Agostino worked for Universal until 1936, RKO-Pathé, United Artists, RKO and Paramount consecutively, and remained with RKO from 1936 until 1958.

To create his set designs for the classic Universal horror films of the 1930s one would probably be assuming correctly if he were to say that D'Agostino took tentative advice from Charles D. Hall, who was Universal's chief art director on basically all of their films. D'Agostino's style was his own however, which proved successful in *WEREWOLF OF LONDON*, *THE RAVEN*, *THE INVISIBLE RAY* and others. An example of this style change can be seen when comparing Hall's sets for the original *DRACULA* (1931) with D'Agostino's in *DRACULA'S DAUGHTER* (1936). Hall's designs were indeed magnificent in their gothic magnitude, but they showed very little more than huge exterior and interior decor. D'Agostino used

Below are scenes typifying D'Agostino's gothic and ornate period with Universal. The subterranean torture chamber of Dr. Richard Vollin from *THE RAVEN* (top) was an admixture of medieval masonry and sleek scientific machinery. The office at Scotland Yard is from *WEREWOLF OF LONDON* (bottom)



Filmography

WEREWOLF OF LONDON	1935
Universal	
MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD	1935
Universal	
THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD	1935
Universal	
THE RAVEN	1935
Universal	
DRACULA'S DAUGHTER	1936
Universal	
THE INVISIBLE RAY	1936
Universal	
STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR	1940
RKO Nest Polglase	
THE CAT PEOPLE	1940
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST	1942
RKO (Carroll Clark)	
THE LEOPARD MAN	1943
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
THE GHOST SHIP	1943
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE	1943
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
THE SEVENTH VICTIM	1943
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY	1943
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
ENCHANTED FOREST	1944
RKO	
CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE	1944
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST	1944
RKO (Carroll Clark)	
THE BODY SNATCHER	1945
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER	1945
RKO	
ISLE OF THE DEAD	1945
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
BEDLAM	1946
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
GENIUS AT WORK	1946
RKO (Ralph Berger)	
THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE	1946
RKO (Jack Okey)	
DICK TRACY MEETS GRUESOME	1947
RKO (Walter E. Keller)	
THE BOY WITH THE GREEN HAIR	1949
RKO (Ralph Berger)	
THE THING	1951
RKO (John J. Hughes)	
BEWARE MY LOVELY	1952
RKO (Alfred Newman)	

For *THE THING* (below) D'Agostino created stark, ramshackle huts at the arctic circle.



these same Hall sets, but he also found reason to develop purpose and realism behind them. The characters in the film blended into the surroundings. This in itself is the quality I find in D'Agostino's designs. The realism is incorporated into a personification of the character. There is a human quality involved in a completely fantastic circumstance, and D'Agostino's sets assisted in this transition.

For RKO-Pathé his style remained within these boundaries, but the conditions were completely changed. Here he was to create the set designs for all of Val Lewton's classic suspense films. One must understand, however, that RKO ran this project on a tight budget. Lewton alone made the films into quality productions through his interpretation of "terror" and "horror." D'Agostino then matched this interpretation with sets which fit the circumstance. He was not dealing with complete fantasy anymore, he was dealing with realism at its utmost. Lewton's films are classic examples of pure terror, and D'Agostino assisted in making them so.

The following list includes the horror, fantasy and science fiction films on which D'Agostino worked and is by no means complete or representative of the many pictures he designed for in his long career. Names in parentheses are those of assistant art directors; a name without parentheses indicates that D'Agostino was himself the assistant.

Gary D. Dorst

Below are scenes representative of D'Agostino's spare sets done for the tightly budgeted Val Lewton features at RKO. Interior of a Haitian plantation in *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE* is economical but well used by director Jacques Tourneur (top). His reconstruction of the desert in *THE LEOPARD MAN* (bottom) is nicely foreboding.



On His DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Director Rouben Mamoulian's DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, with Frederic March and Miriam Hopkins, was shown on January 21, 1971 by the American Film Institute, at the American Film Institute Theater, L'Enfant Plaza in Washington, D.C. Michael Webb, AFI film program director, introduced the film and its director by reading from Arthur Knight's book, The Livelliest Art, about Mamoulian's work on DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, beginning on page 157 (of the paperback edition) and ending with "We need be shown no more." If you have not been privileged to see this fine, but rare, film, your appreciation and enjoyment in reading the following talk and question and answer session conducted by Mr. Mamoulian would be heightened by reading this segment of Arthur Knight's book. There is also a fine discussion of the film in Ivan Butler's book The Horror Film (pages 49-54), and a cursory examination of it is made by Carlos Clarens in his book An Illustrated History of The Horror Film (pages 81-83). Mr. Mamoulian was very congenial. At times this transcription sounds as though he were being sarcastic or even irritated, however, in fact, he was being very light and humorous.

Bill Thomas

Rouben Mamoulian: Yesterday I had a haircut at the Shoreham (Hotel) and I was leafing through a magazine and I saw a cartoon that's kind of relevant to this evening. It was a doctor's office and in the doctor's room there was this monstrous-looking creature and in the front room there was a nurse, answering the telephone. She said, "Dr. Jekyll is out, would you like to speak to Mr. Hyde?"

There's always a question that comes up whenever you make a film or a play that is either based on history or some work of fiction like a novel or a short story, and there are a lot of "purists"--I put that in quotes--who always object to any kind of a change that you make in it. Now I don't know how well you remember the original story of Robert Louis Stevenson, but in the original story, Dr. Jekyll is a florid man of fifty-two. His purpose in trying to divide the bad part of himself from the good one is a very hedonistic one. He only wants to do it so he can enjoy all the forbidden pleasures that people could not indulge in, especially in the Victorian Age. So his whole point was to go after fleshy pleasures. That's why he wanted to liberate his inner self--so he could be doing this while his good self was still being a hypocritically virtuous man.

Now as you noticed, the film does not approach it the same way, for to me an obvious reason, because I think it is much more interesting to view a Dr. Jekyll with a lofty motive. Curiously enough, I think it's still relevant today because you have what they

oddly call the "drug culture"--where I don't think the two words go together, it's either "drug" or "culture"--but nevertheless, the impulse is that of freeing themselves from repression, fighting the establishment that is guilty of many, many faults, the hypocrisy, the rigid rules, the false standards... and the morbidity is mortal. Most of the use of drugs can be rather fatal. The dialog, the speeches that Dr. Jekyll indulges in could be respooken today by our youth. So I think this kind of point makes the story much more interesting, and more classical.

As a matter of fact, one of the most flattering and pleasant compliments I had after this film was made was a letter from a member of Robert Louis Stevenson's family--it was his niece--who said that when she heard about my making the film, she was full of apprehension. Then she saw it. After saying a few other nice things, which I am too modest to repeat in public, she wound up by saying that her only regret was that Robert Louis Stevenson wasn't living to see the film. So she liked the changes in the novel.

Question: Why is this version, the one that's probably most critically acclaimed of them all, the one that no one ever sees. The other versions are seen in theatres, in repertory, on television. This one never is. I wondered why. I mean, it's the one that won the Oscar.

This version, of course, is very well known, better known than any other version, except of course having been pulled out of public showings in the last many years. It is just not seen in public except on occasions like this, when an educational foundation gets it, or whenever, in the last few years, whenever they have what they call a festival of my films in New York or London or Canada. They always get a print of this film.

The reason is a very prosaic one. MGM bought this film in order to acquire the rights to do another version, which they did, with Spencer Tracy and Ingrid Bergman. So they locked this up in the safe and they're showing the other one because it is more profitable for them. That's the reason.

I thought that the camera movement was just... fantastic. I can't think of another word. Wasn't it at this time that the camera was housed inside a very large housing?

No. It had just liberated itself. However, it was a very big box.

The "first" in DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE is the use of camera in a subjective manner. Actually, you see, this print has three bad cuts in it. The first cut is half of the first reel. The camera begins by being Jekyll and Hyde. In other words, you are Jekyll, the audience is Jekyll, being the camera, and it opens as Arthur Knight described in that book (The Livelliest Art). It starts out with Jekyll playing the organ and it goes through a whole long sequence in

which he just showed the last third.

Now I did that because I wanted to use that device in the transformation of Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. In other words, I wanted to put the audience into Jekyll's show's and make them feel a little sharper this vertigo that Jekyll goes through. In order to establish that, I thought I'd start the film that way. If you notice, through the film, now and then, the camera becomes Jekyll and then after a time it was the method used in the transformation scene. That's really the novelty of the camera treatment.

Were you worried that you would be too much influenced by a preceding version of the novel?

Oh, exceedingly worried, no, I wasn't. Perhaps I'm just ornery, but I'm easily influenced to do the exact opposite, you know. If I'm influenced by something that I like, then I just don't do it, because I don't think it's interesting to do something that's already been done.

The reason I did this film was because I saw the silent version with John Barrymore--of course, that was in the infancy of movies, no sound--and I thought that this would make a very excellent sound film.

Actually it was rather interesting because Paramount wanted a middle-aged actor, character actor, who was also a very fine director, to play Jekyll*, and I insisted that he be somebody young because somehow this kind of rebellion and transformation is more interesting when it is the result of the ferment of youthful aspirations. So I suggested Frederic March, who was then known as a light comedian, and they all laughed at me and said this man would never put it over. So I said, well, if you don't want him then I won't make the film. So I finally got Frederic March and of course he won the Oscar, the Academy Award, for the performance which is great. And for other great acting, Mary Hopkins gives one of the best performances that has even been on the screen.

I noticed that in the film version you didn't put in the lawyer. There's a lawyer in the book version that wasn't in the film. One of the main characters was a lawyer who kept going back and forth between Jekyll and Hyde.

Yes, well, that's another change. There's also another doctor in this one. You can sue me if you want.

In the first transformation of Jekyll into Hyde, you used sound effects. Why didn't you use those same weird sound effects in the later transformations?

Oh, for an obvious reason, I don't like doing the same thing twice. If you have it in your story once, you don't want to keep on doing the same thing. It will lose its effec-

*Lionel Barrymore perhaps.

He was ugly, but boy, he had a heart in him.

tiveness. I think one of the important things is to know where to stop.

You mentioned that there were three cuts in this print. You mentioned the one at the beginning, could you tell what the other two were?

Yes. The second one is a transition in a park. The young doctor's transition is triggered by a black cat attacking the nightingale - for some reason or other this is chopped there - but that's a kind of animal impulse that you undoubtedly realize in the film is not a question of good and bad at all; and he's not a monster. So actually, this is not really a horror film. It's a film about human conditions. Mr. Hyde is the exact replica of the Neanderthal Man, so he's our ancestor. We were that once. The struggle or dilemma is not between evil and good, it's between the sophisticated, spiritual self in man and his animal, primeval instincts. And he always gives in to his instincts. You could call it instincts, partly.

The third cut is in the scene with Miriam Hopkins where she undresses. They took some cuts out of there. There was never any nudity. It was more erotic than a nude scene. She kept taking things off one by one, and they never saw an inch of her flesh until that dress came off.

You say "they." Who are "they?" Who did these cuts?

I wish I knew. You see, the film was rented by somebody, bought it, paid for it and then they clipped it out. There is a disease called collecting, you know. Collectors are monsters, and today so widely spread, especially with 16mm. They were having a festival of my films in Montreal, Canada, only two months ago and they were showing QUEENCHRISTINA. The most beautiful and the most significant scene in the whole film was not there, and that was obvious. Passing through somebody's hands, someone clipped that bright scene and he keeps it in his library. So you never know where it happened.

When this was shown commercially, the first time, was it shown completely or as we saw it tonight?

No, no, no, completely.

There was a scene in the film when the girl repeats her conversation to the doctor while she's there in the doctor's study.

That's right, yes. Well, that's one of those mistakes in the print. See, this is a 16mm print, and not of the best quality. Pay no attention to it. You saw the lighting and printing would flare up and then darken down, and some of it was very poor, but then don't get me started on complaining.

This old lady was very, very ill and she kept on saying, "Oh, am I sick. Oh, am I sick." The doctor said, "Come to the hospital and we'll cure you." So finally she gets her cure, completely well. He's about to release her to go home. He comes in to say goodbye. And she sits there on the bed and says, "Oh, am I sick. Oh, am I sick." And he said, "Lady, you're not sick anymore, you're quite well." "Oh, was I sick. Oh, was I sick."

So don't start me complaining on these things, because I could go on and on. Terrible things happen.

'DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE' ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION



'DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE' ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION



Above are reproduced two of the original 11x14 Lobby Cards from Rouben Mamoulian's DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE made for Paramount in 1931 and released the following year. In the top scene, Mr. Hyde (Frederic March) demands help from Jekyll's friend Dr. Lanyon (Holmes Herbert), and moments later, below, turns into Jekyll before his very eyes.

I don't believe this is a stupid question. Which do you consider your best film and why?

I'll be very serious with you. I don't have one, I have several. Each film has something the other hasn't got. They're different. You can't pick. Some men like blondes. I like blondes, brunettes, redheads, grayheads... so which one is best?

The first transformation scene seemed so smooth. To me it was amazing in a film that old...I mean the printing one over the other in the transformations. Why was it so

smooth in the first one and so rough on some of the later ones?

Now, are you sneaking it in, or are you on the level?

On the level, on the level.

Because you see that's the one little secret, the only professional tidbit, that I've kept. And I'm still keeping how it was done. But invariably at a showing like this or in an interview, they always sneak in that question, very casually, "You know, by the way, that scene where . . ." and I say, "Ha, ha. No."

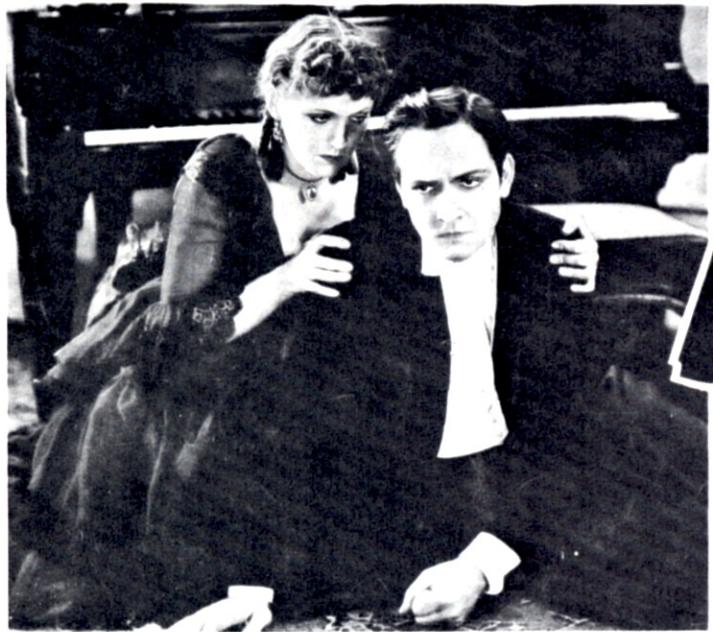
'DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.'

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
PRODUCTION



'DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.'

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
PRODUCTION



Above are two additional 11x14 Lobby Cards from the original set of eight. In the top scene Dr. Jekyll appears with his fiancee, Muriel Carew (Rose Hobart), and in the bottom scene is being comforted by Hyde's consort Ivy Parson (Miriam Hopkins).

I don't want your secret, but why are the later transformations different?

Because it's dull to repeat. Again, it's you can't keep on doing the same thing all the time. It's very tiresome.

The first one was very effective.

Well, you see it once, that should be enough.

It seems that after Hyde kills Ivy, he seems to lose his character as Hyde. When he speaks to the other doctor, he seems more Jekyll than Hyde in his speech, in his patterns.

First of all, you must have noticed that

Hyde is never the same. Hyde deteriorates throughout the film...somewhat different, in a subtle way. Hyde's makeup becomes more accented until he winds up as a replica of a dissipated Neanderthal Man.

As a primitive man in very good health, young, well... As a matter of fact, my favorite character in the film is the first Hyde. You know, he's full of animal spirits, full of joy. He's enjoying life. He comes out in the rain and instead of using an umbrella as an Englishman would, he takes his hat off and enjoys the rain. He's full of vim.

Then, of course, he gets worse all the

time. So after he has committed the murder, that, then, has a certain effect on him.

Isn't it true that a cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson was in that film as an extra?

No, not to my knowledge, unless he was hiding it for no good reason.

How was it you moved the camera about, like throughout the house, and from scene to scene? Like, for instance, when the camera panned from Jekyll to some of the statues and down along the floor. What type of mechanism was used?

There was a part of the film, for instance, during the transformation you may have noticed it because it had never been done before. The camera revolved on its axis, so we had to light the whole set, which is difficult. Not only that, we had to disappear. The cameraman couldn't be there, so we had the poor cameraman tied up on top of the camera with ropes. On top of that, we were lucky because he was like a jockey, light and small. Otherwise we would have been out of luck.

The rest of the camera movements were on a dolly.

Did you personally supervise the makeup for Mr. Hyde?

I didn't stand there every morning. It took him three hours every morning to be made up. But we had very complicated tests of the different stages of the makeup and after that we trusted the makeup man with the makeup in positions which we had corrected. You don't have to stand there, we do have great experts who are very professional.

Was that character your own idea, the way he looked on screen?

Oh, I just explained it, no, it was my idea to make him look like a Neanderthal Man, like a primitive man.

Who did the makeup work? Who was the makeup man?

One of the Westmore brothers. There were three brothers who were all expert makeup men. Poor Frederic did a tremendous job and it took him three hours every morning to do that.

How long did the filming take, and how much of it was shot inside the studio?

All of it except the garden scene was inside the studio. The street was inside the studio. London was inside the studio. It took about seven weeks. Today it would probably take a couple of years.

You say you do not consider this a horror story. One of the things I've always been impressed about in your work is the sure feel of the genre. What is a musical comedy, what is a drama... This plays, to my way of thinking, much faster than most pictures that deal with dread and horror, the quick camera movements, etc. If it is not a horror story, what is your feeling toward the tempo, proper speed of play, in the story?

I like this fast speed because it prevents the audience from falling asleep for one thing. It is not a horror story because I think it's more legitimate, it's based on a very valid psychology, a very valid human condition. That's what all of us go through. We don't transform into Hyde, but I think we all have impulses we'd like to control, our primitive self for one. However, I must say that all the horror books--all the horror film books--always include DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Why did you have Hyde become ugly rather than--

Oh, you'd rather have him pretty would you? Isn't Dr. Jekyll enough for you? Isn't he handsome? Why do you want the other one handsome too? He was ugly, but boy, he had a heart in him.

HAPPEN- ING

Handwriting on the Wall Dept: Michael Carreras, managing director of Hammer Films said in a recent interview, "...we gave birth to Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing who play our monsters. Right now they're getting a little bit long in the tooth, so we're developing new talent. We're building up a boy called Ralph Bates who should make an excellent Dracula..."

Terrors of the Screen is a book by Prof Frank Manchel of the University of Vermont which is being published by Prentice-Hall. It is a detailed history of the use of terror in fantasy films and includes anecdotes and photos from the careers of Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi. The book, Manchel's fourth, has been nominated for the National Book Award...

Vincent Price appeared on the "Red Skelton Show" February 8 on NBC in a skit playing Dr. Casserole. It was Price's 21st appearance on the comediane's show...

Hammer Films of England is a more thriving enterprise today than ever before in its long history, according to Roy Skeggs, the studio's financial controller. The studio made a profit of about \$600,000 in 1970 with six films and plans to make about twice that figure this year with nine productions. With an average shooting schedule of six weeks per picture that should keep Hammer's EMI studios fully occupied for the year, and Hammer foresees no further expansion at the moment. Michael Carreras gave some insight into the studios continued success amid a generally dampened film economy in a recent interview: "Before we tell a writer to complete a full script we plan our advertising campaign, decide if the story is exploitable and saleable, and then we ask if it can be made for \$480,000 or less. At that figure we can get our money back thru our box office receipts in the United Kingdom and a television sale to the United States. The rest of the theatrical proceeds throughout the world is gravy." An added bonus for Hammer are production-distribution agreements with major U.S. studios, under which Hammer need put up no production front money, yet partakes of half the profits. Plans are also being made to enter the lucrative cassette television market with a library of Hammer's horror titles...

The master print of Peter Watkin's *THE GLADIATORS* (see CF#1 pp 38) is said to have been "lost" by the Swedish company which backed the film, and therefore it will never be seen commercially again. Watkin's said in a recent interview: "Distribution companies don't distribute unless they have 'Sound of Music,' or a James Bond. But if you want to make a serious, stark film, about life and the future of life, then you can forget it..."



COMING

Following is a rundown of the horror, fantasy and science fiction films now filming, or in preparation. Titles listed in previous issues are indicated by (0:00) at the end of the article, giving a reference where additional information can be found. The first digit is the issue number, and the following digits are the page number on which the film is listed.

THE ABOMINABLE COUNT YORGA is a sequel to last year's *COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE*. Filming has been completed with Robert Quarry again in the title role, and was produced by Michael Macready and directed by Bob Kelljan the same team which made the earlier film. AIP has acquired the picture for distribution this summer and has signed star Robert Quarry to two films per year for the next five years. Quarry had previously been under contract to MGM and Fox and has been acting steadily since 1944. The role of Count Yorga has been his first big break...

THE ALIEN began shooting for Universal release in April. David Levinson is producing and former Fugitive David Jansen stars. Some may recall the Satyajit Ray project of 1967 with the same title. No connection is known...

ALL-HOLLOW'S EVE is a forthcoming title from Canyon Films...

BARRACUDA 2000 A.D. James Whiton has replaced Robert Bloch in scripting this science fiction film for AIP. Whiton did the screenplay for AIP's *DR. PHIBES* now in release. Production is slated to begin this summer in New Mexico (2:39)...

THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR and **THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** are two Tigon (British) Film Productions acquired by Cannon Films for U.S. release...

BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB is completed at EMI-MGM studios in England for Hammer Films and producer Howard Brandy. Tragedy has struck the picture two-fold: star Peter Cushing was forced to withdraw from filming due to the death of his wife, and director Seth Holt

1: a zombie monster from Cinemation Industries' *I EAT YOUR SKIN*, produced in Florida in 1964 by Del Tenny under the title of *ZOMBIES* and originally intended as a co-feature for the 1965 film *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER*. 2: Yog from AIP's recent acquisition from Toho Films of Japan, *YOG - THE SPACE MONSTER*. 3: Yul Brynner and 4: Kirk Douglas, the forces of evil and good respectively, from National General Picture's *LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD*, based on an adventure novel by Jules Verne.

Vincent Price is DR. PHIBES

In his case, MD

LEFT:
Dr. Phibes as he appears patched together after a near fatal car crash.

OPPOSITE MIDDLE:
Dr. Phibes' beautiful assistant, Vulnavia (Virginia North).

OPPOSITE BOTTOM:
Vincent Price in black lace with Vulnavia in the great ballroom, a scene reminiscent of Corman's *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH*.



Vincent Price appears in his most stylish and unusual horror film since his well spent days with Roger Corman and Poe in AIP's *DR. PHIBES*, currently in release.

The film had its World Premier May 19 at the Pacific Pantages Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, and managed to recapture some of the flair, the ostentation, and excitement of Hollywood's golden era. The film's debut was arranged in the style of a 30s Hollywood Premier, with celebrities and stars of that period attending by special invitation, with old time cars and the 30s clothes and decor much in evidence. The motif of the premier was designed to celebrate the nostalgic feeling for the thirties as evidenced in *DR. PHIBES*, which was written around this theme to capitalize on its current popularity. Vincent Price was in attendance and was honored for the completion of his 100th film.

Dr. Anton Phibes is an eccentric vaudevilleian star who has retired to the seclusion of his vast, yet sequestered, mansion, which gloriously reflects his theatrical background in its cinema styled lobby, its marbled and mirrored and plushly lined interior, with oddments like a full sized theatre organ. The dear doctor, whose mechanical inventions once marveled rapt stage audiences, goes completely mad when his wife, Victoria (Caroline Munro) dies on the operating table. Armed with a quotation from the Old Testament he sets about to inflict each member of the operating team with one of the ten curses visited upon Pharaoh of ancient Egypt.

In addition to the broad and brilliant playing of Vincent Price in the title role, the film also features Virginia North as Vulnavia, a raven-haired accomplice who plies him with champagne, accompanies his evil works with violin solos and, in his lighter moments, serves as his drinking and dancing partner. Joseph Cotton plays Dr. Vasilius, the doctor against whom Dr. Phibes wants revenge most of all.

The film, which is somewhat reminiscent of *THE GREAT RACE* (remember Peter Falk and Jack Lemmon as Professor Fate), is directed by Robert Fuest.



died during the last weeks of shooting. Cushing was replaced by Andrew Keir who played Father Shandor in *DRACULA*, *PRINCE OF DARKNESS* and Professor Quatermass in *FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH*. Others in the cast are George Coulouris, Hugh Burden, Rosalie Crutchley and Aubrey Morris. Tamara Ustinov, daughter of Peter Ustinov, is featured in a key role. Michael Carreras, managing director of Hammer's EMI studios, finished the picture's last week of shooting. The screenplay is based on a novel by Bram Stoker and is mummyless, the menace being the avenging spirit of an ancient Egyptian princess. Distribution rights outside the United Kingdom are held by Anglo-EMI with no U.S. distribution set (2:39)...

BLOOD WILL HAVE BLOOD begins filming for Hammer Films in June, and is described as traditional gothic (2:39)...

BRAIN OF FRANKENSTEIN is on the proposed production schedule of Kirt Films International...

BRAVE NEW WORLD is the personal project of Dimitri de Grunwald who is casting about for leads in Ryan O'Neal (star of *LOVE STORY*) and Joanna Shimkus. Based on Aldous Huxley's famous socio-science fiction novel of the future, the film is expected to begin in Canada this summer...

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SATAN is set for release through Columbia Pictures...

CAT'S CRADLE has been optioned for filming by producer Hillard Elkins. Property is a straight science fiction novel by author Kurt Vonnegut whose borderline sf novel *SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE* is now filming for Universal, and whose first play "Happy Birthday, Wanda Jane" is being filmed for Columbia. Vonnegut is currently a very "in" writer, and should he remain in vogue a large portion of his science fiction output has good chances of being filmed...

CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND has been acquired for release by Roger Corman's New World Pictures. The Fritz Production will be double-billed with the completed *BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT* (2:39)...

CRUCIBLE OF HORROR is the new title for Canon Films' *VELVET HOUSE* starring Yvonne Mitchel and Michael Gough. The picture was filmed in England by director Victor Ritelis...

THE CURSE OF DARK SHADOWS is the newly announced sequel to MGM's *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS* now in release. Dan Curtis will again produce and direct from an original script by Sam Hall. The film stars David Selby, Grayson Hall, Nancy Barrett and Laura Parker. Story features the exploits of Quentin played by David Selby and will not involve Barnabas or Jonathan Frid as did the previous film. Filming of the \$750,000 production began in March at Tarrytown, New York, site of the previous film. Meanwhile, back at the castle, ABC has cancelled the daytime serial upon which the films have been based...

DEMON ANGELS is a projected pic from Joe Solomon's Fanfare Films, which will

be the first to combine the supernatural elements of the horror film into the formula of the motorcycle film...

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN is the tentative title for a sequel to AIP's in release *DR. PHIBES* starring Vincent Price. James Whiton and director Robert Fuest are collaborating on the screenplay, for release in 1972...

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER is the next of the James Bond films, rolling on location in Hollywood and Las Vegas. Producers Broccoli and Saltzman were reportedly scouring the entertainment world for the right man to play Bond up until production began. George Lazenby who filled the role in the last of the series, *ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE*, would play Bond no more by mutual disagreement between he and the producers. Everyone from Roger Moore to an obscure British singer Malcolm Roberts were announced as contenders for the Bond mantle. The big surprise for everyone was that continuing negotiations with Sean Connery, who vowed after *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE* that he would never play Bond again, finally paid off. Connery signed to do the role for the whopping sum of \$1 Million against 10% of the profits, an offer he incidentally turned down before. He is the only actor working today who can command such a price, and apparently his career was not taking the direction he desired for it, so he is back in the run for the money. Actress Jill St. John has been signed as Connery's femme co-star in the role of Tiffany Case and has already nixed Playboy overtures for a nude photo spread for the film. Actress Jo Ann Pflug (of *MASH*) will appear as Plenty O'Toole, a role not found in the book. Guy Hamilton will direct from a script by Rich Maibaum and Tom Mankiewicz. Hamilton directed *GOLDFINGER* which many regard as the highwatermark for the series, and Maibaum has been responsible for or had a hand in every Bond script except *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE* which was, undoubtedly, the worst of the series. United Artists hopes to have the film ready for release at Christmastime...

THE DINOSAUR GIRL is a forthcoming Hammer Film Production starring Victoria Vetri, the star of Hammer's in release *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH*...

THE DISAPPEARANCE has been reacquired for filming by producer-director George Pal. The Philip Wylie science fiction novel, dealing with the disappearance of each sex to the other, was once a Pal project for MGM, but was dropped, along with Pal's *LOGAN'S RUN*, when that studio encountered financial difficulties. Pal purchased the film rights from MGM (who obtained them from Pal originally), but will not be using the script originally prepared at MGM by David Harmon and Michael Kanin. Pal's independent lensing is scheduled for a summer start...

DRACULA'S CASTLE OR WILL THE REAL COUNT DRACULA STAND UP? will be produced and directed by Anthony Cardoza from a screenplay by Manny Cardoza for Hawthorn Productions. Film stars Thor Nielsen, Valda Hansen and Joy Wilkerson

EASY VAMPIRE is a forthcoming title from



Canyon Films...

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES has completed filming for 20th Century Fox and will be released later this year. William Windom appears as the President of the United States in this sequel which takes place in modern day America (1:42, 2:40)...

THE FIFTH OF JULY has been cancelled for production as Warner Bros. The script by Larry Thor and Dan Bach was in the vein of **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**, and dealt with a political crisis brought about by the elimination of all legal presidential successors. The government is said to have disapproved of the project, although cancellation was reportedly for financial reasons...

THE FIRST OF JANUARY is now filming in Copenhagen for Sagittarius Productions. The ecology s-f drama stars Oliver Reed, Geraldine Chaplin and Diane Cilento. Frank DeFelitta who co-authored the original screenplay with population biologist Max Ehrlich has been assigned as production executive. Michael Campus directs for producer Tom Madigan (2:42)...

GINGERBREAD HOUSE began filming April at England's Shepperton studios for AIP release. The script by former Hammer producer, director, writer Jimmy Sangster and David Osborne is an "adult" version of *Hansel and Gretel* (2:42)...

GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN is now editing at Film House in Toronto Canada. The film is produced and directed by John Ross...

HANDS OF THE RIPPER went before the cameras in January for Hammer Films and the Rank Organisation. Femme producer Aida Young assigned directing chores to Peter Sasdy, who last handled Hammer's **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA**, and toplined Eric Porter, stiff upper lip and star of the BBC's acclaimed "The Forsyte Saga," to head the cast including Dora Bryan, Jane Merrow, Angharad Rees and Derek Godfrey (2:42)...

THE HEADLESS HUSBAND has been completed for release through Kirt Films International. It is written and directed by Andrew Sugarman and stars Brenda Major and Duncan MacGloren...

HEXED will begin production this summer for release through Cambist Films. It is based on the novel *Night of the Warlock* and deals with mind transference...

Left: George C. Scott, under the delusion he is Sherlock Holmes, and Joanne Woodward, a psychiatrist named Dr. Watson trying to cure him, rush around New York City in pursuit of an imagined Moriarity, in Universal's **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, now in release. Opposite page: scenes from Cine-mation Industries **GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS ONLY**, a handsomely mounted German film written and directed by Rolf Thiel. Top: A crowned frog, about to become a handsome prince, sits in a favored position upon *Sleeping Beauty* (Gaby Fuchs). Middle: The seven dwarfs discover *Snow White* (Marie Liljedahl) in the forest. Bottom: *Cinderella* (Eva V. Rueber-Staier) and *Prince Charming*.



JODIE is the title of an unusual horror film now lensing for Dundee Productions, Don Henderson and George E. Carey producing. The original script by James E. McLarty is the story of a young boy who falls in love with a girl who has made a pact with the devil and is 127 years old. No distribution is set...

KYLE begins filming for 20th Century Fox September 21 in Montreal with additional location filming to commence in London in mid-October. An earlier filming was postponed due to a previous commitment of star James Coburn to appear in Fox's **THE MANDARINS**. Guy Hamilton replaces Sam Wanamaker as director of this Arthur P. Jacobs Apjac Production in Panavision and Technicolor, produced by Charles P. Juroe. David Karp, noted science fiction novelist and author of the best-selling **One** is completing the shooting script from an original screenplay by Lewis Davidson which deals with a futuristic detective, played by Coburn, in the year 2026. Guy Hamilton directed the James Bond film **GOLDFINGER** (1:44)...

LIFE OF CHRIST is in preparation from Danish filmmaker Jens Jorgen Thorsen who made the in release **QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY**...

MADAME FRANKENSTEIN now shooting on location in Rome for Roger Corman's New World Pictures stars Joseph Cotton. Mel Welles is directing the film which is co-produced by Larry Woolner...

MUNCHAUSEN, THE INCREDIBLE BARON will begin filming in Hamburg this August for German producer Allan Buckhantz. The story has been filmed twice before, as **THE HALLUCINATIONS OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN** by George Melies in 1911 and as simply **MUNCHAUSEN** by Joseph Von Baky in 1943...

MURDER OF THE MONTH CLUB will begin shooting July in Italy for release by AIP in 1972 (2:44)...

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT has been acquired for release this summer by Chevron Pictures, and will go out under a different, more lurid title. The 1967 English Planet Film was directed by Terence Fisher and stars Christopher Lee, Patrick Allen, and with a special guest appearance by Peter Cushing. Based on a novel by science fiction author John Lymington, the story concerns the arrival of alien invaders who require tremendous heat to survive...

THE OTHER is a psychological-horror novel by actor Tom Tryon which is published by Alfred A. Knopf. The author will produce a film version with Ed Dukoff and has signed Robert Mulligan to direct. Among Mulligan's many screen credits is **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD**. Pic is budgeted at one and a half million dollars and is slated for June filming...

PITCHFORK is a forthcoming title from Stupendous Talking Pictures International. James E. McLarty has completed the screenplay which deals with witchcraft from his own original story. Lensing began in April with George E. Cary producing and Don Henderson directing...

PROGENY OF THE ADDER began shooting



in April for AIP release from a script by Edward Hume, based on the novel by Leslie H. Whitten, a detective story with supernatural overtones. Peter Thomas is producing in Miami for 1972 release...

THE REINCARNATE has been completed for release by Tower Films. The Canadian film, produced at Toronto's Klineberg studios, is a tale of the occult and supernatural...

RESURRECTION OF ZACHARY WHEELER is of an old and venerable line in the genre, concerning as it does the revivification of a Washington senator after a fatal car crash. Countless films of the 30s and 40s mostly starring Boris Karloff dealt with extending the reach of medical science beyond the grave, but the theme has fallen into disuse in recent times. The script which has the senator sequestered in Bethesda Hospital under the tight security of the classified Pentagon project which has returned him to life has the flavor of governmental intrigue found in **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY** and **VANISHED**, not to mention the tremendous strides in medical science which make it so frighteningly plausible. Production is underway for Gold Key Entertainment, Bob Stabler producing from an original script by Jay Sims and Tom Rolf...

THE SECRET SEX LIFE OF DRACULA is on the proposed production schedule of Kirt Films International...

SILENT RUNNING began filming in March for Gruskoff-Trumbull Films and Universal release. Bruce Dern, Cliff Potts, Ron Rivkin and Jesse Vint play astronauts in a story which deals with the relationship between men and their machines in the year 2072. The film was formerly known as **RUNNING SILENT** (1:45)...

SIRENS OF TITAN has been optioned for production by Pressman-Williams Enterprises in conjunction with R. H. M. Productions. The novel by Kurt Vonnegut is one of his early science fiction novels. Lensing is scheduled to begin early in 1972 with Paul Williams directing. He, with Edward Pressman, has previously produced **OUT OF IT** and **THE REVOLUTIONARY**...

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE is now filming in Prague for Universal release. Michael Sacks stars, and Ron Liebman and Sharon Gans, both of the New York stage, are featured in the film of the best-selling novel by science fiction author Kurt Vonnegut (1:46)...

SNOOPY, COME HOME began filming for Cinema Center Films in February. The Charles M. Schultz script has Snoopy leave home after the receipt of a mysterious letter, with Linus becoming a sleuth in an attempt to track him down (2:44)...

SUPERARGO AND THE FACELESS GIANTS has been acquired for release by Fanfare Films. The Italian (S. E. C. Films) and Spanish (Izaro Films) coproduction features the adventures of a comic-book type superhero. Columbia released an earlier film of the series, **SUPERARGO VS. DIA-BOLICUS** in 1968...

SUPERRGIRL is not based on the famous DC comic character, but does concern a girl

from another planet warning earth of imminent attack from outer space. The film was aired on Berlin television March 16, and is produced and directed by Rudolf Thome from a screenplay by Max Zihlmann. U.S. screening on TV or in theatres is unlikely...

THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR AND PROFESSOR FEATHER will be produced by AIP's European production chief Louis M. Heyward, in conjunction with Alan J. Factor's Bedford Productions. It is based on a story by Edgar Allan Poe...

10,000 YEARS is the title of an original science fiction screenplay by Conrad Vaughn which AIP plans for production in the latter part of 1971...

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS is a horror film being produced by Stephanie Rothman and Charles Schultz for New World Pictures. Filming takes place on location in the Mojave Desert with Miss Rothman directing from a script by she and Schwartz...

TOWER OF EVIL is a horror-suspense drama being produced by Richard Gordon for Fanfare Film Productions release. Filming began in London in May from an original story and screenplay by mystery writer George Baxt...

TWINS OF EVIL will continue Hammer's foray into sex and lesbianism in vampire films begun with their **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS** released by AIP in 1970 and **LUST FOR A VAMPIRE** (formerly **TO LOVE A VAMPIRE**) which American Continental Films will release this year. The studio is currently testing Playboy's recent Playmate twins for the title roles...

VALLEY OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN has been completed in California for release through Kirt Films International. The suspense-horror film was written and directed by John Kirkland and stars former Warhol actress Ultra Violet, Tom Bosner and Aline Farrell.

VAMPIRE CIRCUS begins filming for Hammer Films in July (2:45)...

WHEN THE EARTH CRACKED OPEN begins filming for Hammer Films in September (2:45)...

THE WITCH STORY began filming in May for Kirt Films International, with Mitchell Block producing and Ken Friedman directing from his own screenplay. Both Ray Milland and Joseph Cotton are being sought for the role of Vroot, a Dutch architect involved in the death of a young girl branded as a witch. Either would be a feather in the cap of the former nudie producer who has heretofore used only unknowns. Director Friedman is an award winning graduate of New York University's Institute of Film and Television. Eight weeks of location shooting will take the company to Connecticut, Long Island and Staten Island to film the story of a witch who returns after 200 years seeking revenge...

THE WORLD OF TWO MOONS is a forthcoming title from 20th Century Fox. Wanda Whitman is preparing the screenplay from the science fiction novel of the same title...



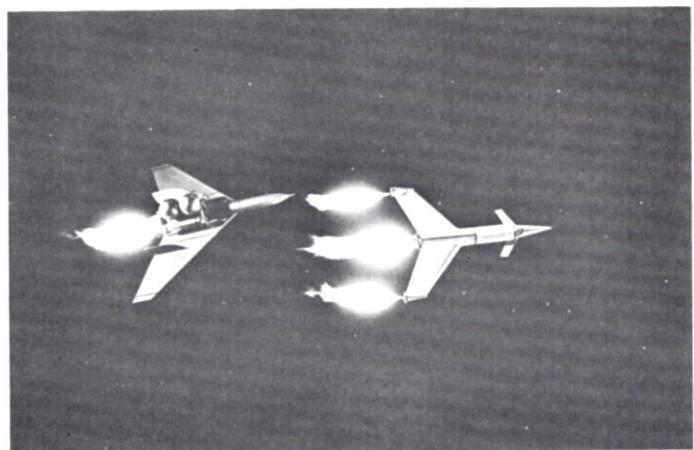
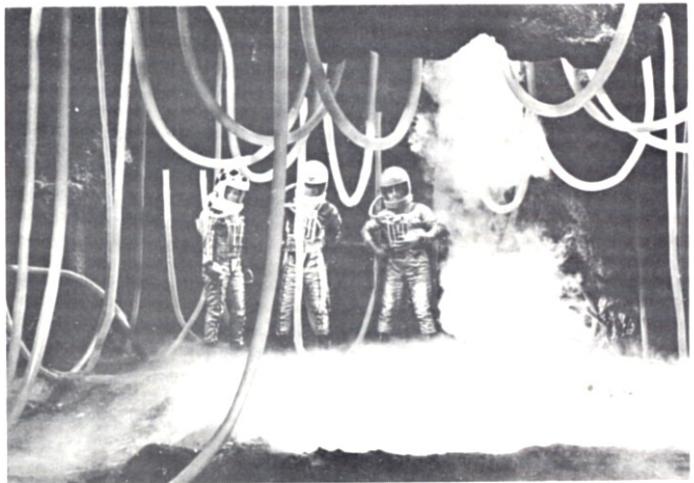
MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

One of AIP's most prestigious productions, *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE* will go into release this summer. The lavish film was shot on location in Paris, France, the actual locale of the story, and with additional location shooting in Spain.

The Christopher Wicking and Henry Slesar script takes an altogether different approach than the classic 1932 Universal film with Bela Lugosi (pictured bottom left), which had Poe's ratiocinative detective, Auguste Dupin (Leon Waycoff) pitted against the evil Dr. Mirakle (Lugosi), whom the scripters dreamed up on their own. The AIP version owes more to Raymond Shrock and Elliot Clawson, the scripters of Universal's 1943 *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, than it does to the original Poe story. The Rue Morgue is now a notorious theatre of the Grand Guignol, where its operator, Caesar Charron (Jason Robards, top right) puts on bizarre entertainments for Parisian theatre-goers (top and middle left). The theatre and its cast are plagued by the murders of a phantom, Marot (Herbert Lom, pictured middle and bottom right), who was horribly disfigured when acid was accidentally thrown in his face in a play twelve years before. Herbert Lom recreates a characterization he did well with in Hammer's 1962 version of *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*. The picture also features several unusual and elaborate dream sequences, nightmares which trouble the sleep of Jason Robard's wife, Madeleine (Christine Kaufman), that incorporates many of the details found in Poe's original short story.

The film was directed by Gordon Hessler, who did AIP's *SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN*, and *CRY OF THE BANSHEE*. In addition to Jason Robards, Christine Kaufman and Herbert Lom, the international cast features Adolfo Celi (Emilio Largo in *THUNDERBALL*), Lili Palmer and Michael Dunn as Herbert Lom's dwarfed accomplice.





Top and Middle: Scenes from *WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS*, directed by Anthony Dawson and now in release from Fanfare Films. Bottom: Angharad Rees and Eric Porter rehearse on location in Dropmore (Bucks) Church graveyard for a scene in Hammer Films' in production *HANDS OF THE RIPPER*, produced by Aida Young for the Rank Organisation and directed by Peter Sasdy.

gothic, lyrical, colorful, and quite engrossing. Price was at his best, again playing not an evil monster, but a pitiful victim of circumstance, which eventually drives him past the breaking point into insanity. Barbara Steele was sinister and chilling as his wife, while at the same time, as in all her films, retaining a strange kind of sexuality about her.

Mario Bava's *BLACK SUNDAY* is not only a horror film, it is, purely and simply, a work of art. The film is perhaps the most visually fascinating motion picture since the horror films of the silent era, for this film could easily be a silent. The dialogue is held at a minimum and is mostly unimportant. At times, the camerawork has the look of a Renaissance painting, at other times, the look of a Medieval wood carving. Each frame of the film is a tiny masterpiece of pure craftsmanship.

The chills contained in this classic are almost unparalleled; when the hideous mask is nailed to Barbara Steele's face, and, centuries later, when it is removed, scorpions and spiders scuttling across the dead, pockmarked face; when the eyes suddenly appear in the dead, black sockets once more; and perhaps the ultimate scene of terror, when Arturo Dominici as her vampire-lover, rises up out of his grave and rips the mask from his face.

This was one of those rare films that combined action and atmosphere effectively. The fight and subsequent death of Dominici at the hands of John Richardson somehow fit perfectly into the mood of the film and did not disturb that carefully planned mood. One bit of gore --when the village priest plunged a stake into the eye of a vampire--though pruned from the American release, is still one of the most shocking scenes in the film.

It was also a rare example of an almost flawlessly dubbed latien film. Every word seemed to fit the mouths of the characters, and one was not left with the impression of lips flapping and not saying anything as is often the case with dubbed foreign films. All in all, it was a splendid piece of work, and we should all be grateful to AIP for having the good taste to bring it into this country.

In the summer of 1961, Universal released Terence Fisher's *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF* in this country, and it proved to be quite a success. It skyrocketed Oliver Reed to a kind of stardom, at least amongst fans of the genre, and paved the way for his landing roles in later, more important films such as *WOMEN IN LOVE*. In his first starring role, Reed demonstrated the dynamic acting style which soon caused him to become one of Britain's most sought-after male actors. His portrayal of "Leon" was certainly the most realistic werewolf portrayal ever seen on the screen, as well as the most sympathetic. Leon is a real person--not a goodie two-shoes like Lon Chaney in *THE WOLF MAN*--for Leon has his vices just like anybody else. Hammer, as usual, demonstrated their penchant for doing the unexpected in this film. You would have thought that the company which had made *HORROR OF DRACULA* such a frightful experience would not have been hesitant to show us a blood-thirsty werewolf, yet the beast that is Leon is not shown openly until the final reel. However, it turns out to be well worth the wait, since the hellish transformation in the jail cell, the resultant chase by the villagers, and the werewolf's colorful death atop a high building easily exceed any and all sequences in other films of the werewolf genre for sheer verve and headlong excitement.

Director Fisher again uses soft, yet far from dull colors, and, though filmed at Bray, the settings quite convincingly convey early nineteenth century Spain. Of course, it's difficult to account for the British accents, but let's not quibble; if the film had been made

by Spaniards it probably wouldn't have been as good anyway.

KISS OF THE VAMPIRE in 1963 was Hammer's best vampire film since the legendary *HORROR OF DRACULA*. Don Sharp's first directorial effort was full of color, wonder, strangeness and dark poetry. It has haunted me ever since I first saw it. Noel Williams was a superb vampire, and who would ever forget that fantastic ending?

In 1964 Mario Bava returned with a magnificent follow-up to *BLACK SUNDAY*--*BLACK SABBATH*. Karloff narrated three chilling tales, and starred in the final one, which was easily the best of the trilogy, "The Wurdalak," with the best Bava elements from *BLACK SUNDAY*, except that this was in gorgeous color. Karloff's only role as a vampire is never to be forgotten.

MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, that same year, was another Corman masterpiece. Some fans didn't like it because of the garish production design, but that was exactly what it was supposed to be. I thought the whole film was splendidly bizarre, with all performances excellent. This was Price's most evil role (next to *CONQUEROR WORM*) and he came across as a very sadistic man indeed, and it was with great relish that the audience watched him die of the Red Death in the final reel.

The whole film was most artistic. Plenty of blood was spilled, yet somehow the film did not become tasteless. The color was fine, and the sets superb. It was all like a nightmare--totally illogical, which is what made it so frightening. The final scene--the dance of death--was so beatifully grotesque as to nearly defy imagination. And justly, this film, perhaps more than any other, has become a "pop classic" and has been shown as a part of many a film series. A true work of art.

The finest horror-fantasy-science fiction film of 1967, and perhaps of any year, was *FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH*. This film deserves a truly detailed analysis not possible here. It combined mysticism, witchcraft, ESP and science fiction, and the result was one of the most fascinating--and truly terrifying--films I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. The implications set forth in the script concerning the origins and history of mankind on this planet are, frankly, staggering. An absolutely brilliant film, thanks to screen writer-genius Nigel Kneale and director Roy Ward Baker.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDE, the following year, was another brilliant piece from Hammer Films which, like *FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH*, suffered poor distribution from 20th Century Fox. These films comprise what I feel are the finest horror-fantasy films of the decade. When all is said and done, it has been a very good ten years.

BRUCE HALLENBECK, JR.
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HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS

Your review of *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS* was the most over-rating review of that "bomb" I have seen to date. I will agree readily that the vampire films of the past couple of years have left much to be desired, but to call *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS* the best film since *HORROR OF DRACULA* is ridiculous. In no way could this soap-opera parody be compared to a truly serious endeavor.

Where do you get the feeling that *HORROR OF DRACULA* was slow? When it was released it was termed as a "fast paced, harrowing thriller" after your description of *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*, and although the latter certainly contains the most recent advances in blood spurting and gore, it



Our bribe.

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BACK ISSUES----BACK ISSUES----BACK ISSUES----BACK ISSUES

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COUNT DRACULA

cannot be termed fast-paced. I notice you are in love with the "graphic" technique of blood-letting and staking. I enjoyed some of these scenes myself, and I especially appreciated what you deemed a rather minor position in your review as a whole: the excellent atmosphere by Trevor Williams, and Ornitz's photography. They were deserving of praise, but I cannot understand what you see in any other quality the film contains.

First of all, the acting is atrocious. The cast is uniformly incompetent (I would suspect that they might do well in non-horror roles; that I will give some of them) with Frid leading the way. This is not their fault completely but rests with the soap-opera, "Love of Life"-style format developed by your so-called "genius" Dan Curtis. His video series was patterned on the soap-opera suspense formula with horror added to attract a greater crowd.

In adapting the series to the screen, the producer-director has chosen to spice up the proceedings with gore (that I will give him) and has chosen to use the high budget obviously allotted him by MGM which were not in his hands but in the hands of Williams and Ornitz.

The story is ridiculous for reasons you deem well handled. The introduction of Barnabas via the several shots of his legs, arms, ring, etc. is artfully silly and reminiscent of the television abomination. Your "first scene of graphic horror, tame in view of what is to come, has tremendous impact following, as it does, the slow and studied opening sequences." Hmmm, I felt that the slow and studied opening sequence was hardly more than unnecessary padding. Your "scene of graphic horror" brings guffaws from those who remem-

ber that truly horrible actor John Karlen over-acting his emotions of fear as Willie (ha, what a name!) Loomis. There is no sequence in the entire picture where Frid even approaches the stature of Lee or Lugosi.

The entire theme of the film, although admittingly they tried to cover it up with "graphic entertainment (?)," is of poor Barnabas' attempt to rid himself of vampirism. In no way does it compare to the well executed themes of HOUSE OF DRACULA involving Carradine and Chaney, and seeing Frid walking in the sunlight with his lady love is too obnoxious to further explore here. Suffice it to say that it ran a close second to the same kind of schmaltz appealing to the LOVE STORY crowd.

The death sequence involving Collins was well handled, although the acting again was abominable. And all those anti-climaxes! When Frid turned old, I suspected the film would soon end with his disintegration, but surprise (!) it's just like the good old days (ugh!) of the vid-series when he reverts back to his younger self a few minutes later.

The love between the vampire and his bride; the second love interest comes in with the lady doctor who betrays Barnabas when he forsakes her love. What unpalatable trash! And this nonsense you compared to a Hammer Film the stature of HORROR OF DRACULA? Why HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS is hardly on the level of their DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE! One shot of Christopher Lee standing majestically with his cape billowing behind him is more frightening than each and every appearance of Frid... combined (!)... in this sudsy feature (I almost expected a commercial to interrupt the lines patterned and I even suspect, re-

vitalized--from the television show).

You mentioned the music was "familiar." I found it to be so void of good taste as to almost condemn the film for using it. That alone is evidence enough to illustrate that excepting for the scenes not permitted on television and the higher budget (afforded the settings) the film is nothing more than the same old mundane morality play that has been insulting genuine macabre film buffs for the past five years on television.

A comment on your absurd note that the Curtis television production of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE was superior to anything done in the films: I trust that you have not screened the truly classic March version, and I am surprised that you feel it even surpasses the Tracy version, which had better settings, better acting (by three greats) and very interesting references throughout to the psychological.

As to your reference to the sequence concerning the state police readily accepting the presence of vampirism and dealing with it unskeptically... I can't see how anyone, in spite of the photography and graphic staking, could help but laugh (as I did throughout the picture). "The standing philosophy of these films," so you say, is "that the establishment must pooh-pooh any supernatural manifestation," is true, and fortunately for the cause of good gothicism, most films stick to this belief. That vampirism can exist in this day and age with the gothic flavor of a 19th century melodrama is the most foolish thing I have ever encountered and is the reason why HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS as a film, has justly been dismissed.

RONALD V. BORST
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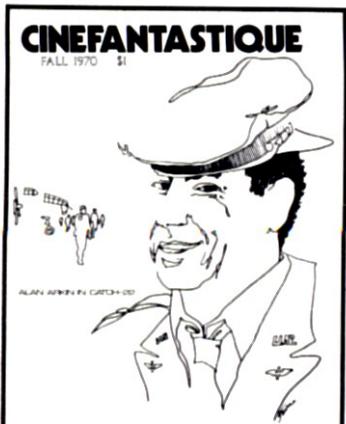
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